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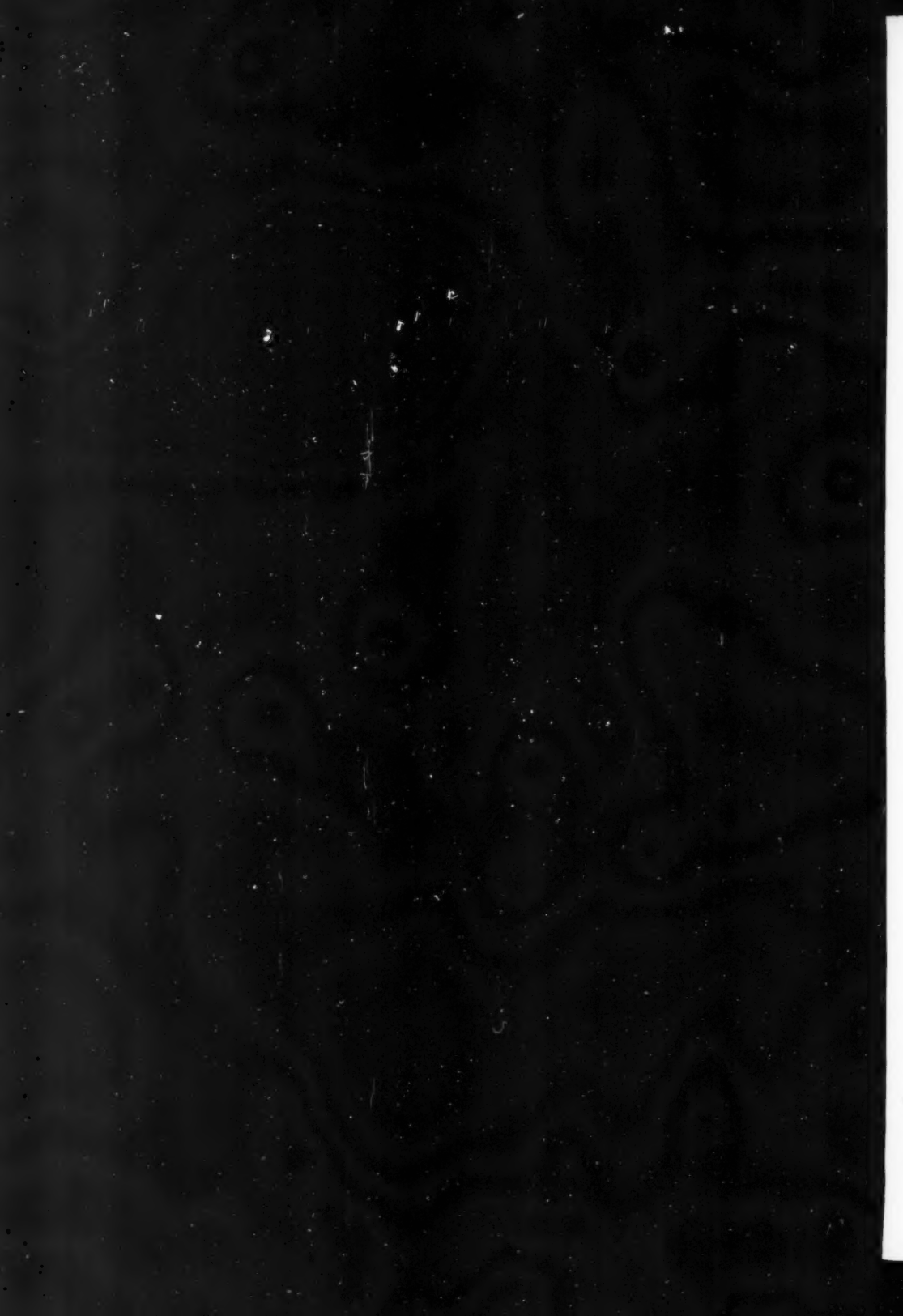
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LX. }

No. 2258.—October 1 & 8, 1887.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXV.

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## SHE AND I.

WHY do I love my love so well?  
 Why is she all in all to me?  
 I try to tell, I cannot tell,  
 It still remains a mystery.  
 And why to her I am so dear  
 I cannot tell, although I try,  
 Unless I find both answers here —  
 She is herself, and I am I.

Her face is very sweet to me,  
 Her eyes beam tenderly on mine;  
 But can I say I never see  
 Face fairer, eyes that brighter shine?  
 This thing I surely cannot say,  
 If I speak truth and do not lie;  
 Yet here I am in love to-day,  
 For she's herself, and I am I.

It cannot be that I fulfil  
 Completely all her girlish dreams;  
 For far beyond my real still  
 Her old ideal surely gleams.  
 And yet I know her love is mine,  
 A flowing spring that cannot dry:  
 What explanation? This, in fine —  
 She is herself, and I am I.

'Mid all the cords by which two hearts  
 Are drawn together into one,  
 This is a cord that never parts,  
 But strengthens as the years roll on;  
 And though, as seasons hurry past,  
 Strength, beauty, wit, and genius die,  
 Till death strike us this charm will last —  
 She is herself, and I am I.

She is herself, and I am I,  
 Now, henceforth, evermore the same,  
 Till the dark angel draweth nigh,  
 And calleth her and me by name;  
 Yea, after death has done his worst,  
 Each risen soul will straightway fly  
 To meet the other: as at first  
 She'll be herself, I shall be I.

J. ASHCROFT NOBLE.

## IN ARRAN.

THE scent of heather from the purple hills  
 Blends with the sweet, strong breathings of  
 the sea.

The lark in heaven, the plover on the lea,  
 Stray into silence, as the star that stills  
 All labor, with her silvern lamp fulfils  
 Her kindly task, and men from toil are free.  
 Now gorgeous clouds like Tyrian tapestry  
 Engird the sun, whose light upon them thrills  
 Richer and fairer as he leaves their halls,  
 Till all the glory vanishes; and lo!  
 Swathed in a cloud, the little moon, new-  
 born,

Steals timidly around the starry walls,  
 Until the first cool herald breeze shall blow  
 Upon the golden eyelids of the morn.

Chambers' Journal.

J. T. LEVENS.

## SEA-DREAMS.

HOT noon upon a great green sea of glass:  
 No wavelet stirs the levels of sun-gold;  
 The waters, lying wide and foamless, hold  
 White pictures of the sea-gulls as they pass.

Far off, a long brown line of rocky land  
 Capped with red gables and a grey church-  
 spire;  
 A mountain with its pinnacles of fire  
 Behind a wilderness of yellow sand.

And out amid the sea the silver trace  
 Of one small boat that slowly leaves the  
 shores,  
 Urged by the drowsy dip of rhythmic oars:  
 And in the boat two sitting face to face.

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.

Cassell's Magazine.

## THE ROAD TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

O RAYAL in thy life and love and grief,  
 Thou tender heart and type of womanhood,  
 Who teachest sovereignly the sovereign good  
 Of changeless constancy and high belief,  
 And simple eagerness to bring relief  
 Wherever sorrow is, and send the food  
 That hunger cries for which is understood  
 Of thee, beloved, thee — of mourners chief!

I saw thee go in dazzling pageantry  
 To give God thanks that he, for fifty years,  
 Has given England to thee, of his grace.  
 Said I, I saw thee? — Nay, I saw not thee,  
 Nor long that splendor — I, through sudden  
 tears,

Saw only at thy side the empty place.

Pall Mall Gazette.

E. R. C.

## INDECISION.

INVISIBLE, unspeakable, whose voice  
 In the soft murmur of this neighboring sea,  
 From the beginning everlastingly  
 Is thy own witness, energize my choice:  
 Even now, by more than half the allotted span  
 Wisely assigned, the unreturning years  
 In timorous doubts and all too scrupulous  
 fears

Have dwindled sore my little term of man.

Must it be ever thus? even to the end  
 Fearing to do aught lest I do the wrong,  
 Shall I my spirit's patrimony spend?  
 Arise, O God! this hour and make me  
 strong:

Let me this hour to fruitful usury lend  
 One talent in the napkin buried long.

Spectator.

From The Church Quarterly Review.  
MGR. DUPANLOUP.\*

IN very early forms of art it sometimes happens that the desire for completeness is fatal to the effect intended in the picture. The too faithful artist rightly feels that from no single point of view can the whole of his subject be seen and rendered; and if the front is important, it does not follow that the back and sides are to be ignored. A really exhaustive portrait must represent the whole man; and so the painter walks all round him, and conscientiously transfers to his paper all that he sees, from north and south and east and west. The result may be cumbersome and shapeless; it may recall no known specimen of humanity; it may be, in the phrase of Herodotus, "like anything rather than a man;" but, at all events, it is complete; it leaves out nothing; no one can ask any further questions or present any fresh facts in regard to the subject thus displayed.

A like method has become common among biographers, with something like the same results. It seems ungrateful to complain about a book so carefully elaborated, and so rich in helpful thoughts, as the "Life of Bishop Dupanloup," written by the Abbé Lagrange, and translated by Lady Herbert; but its true worth is seriously impaired by the danger which is threatening almost to destroy the very conception of biography. For surely in writing a man's life, as in painting a man's portrait, the skill of omission is essential to the value of the work. A map is not a picture, and annals are not biography. A writer who loads page after page and chapter after chapter with details, often absolutely homogeneous and only evincing over again some trait already fully described and fastened in the reader's mind, may render important services to history, but he fails of the true work of a biog-

rapher. He may preserve the materials out of which a later writer may conceive and portray the great man's character; he may contribute for the student of a period one aspect of the events; he may illustrate with new specimens and instances the truths of ethics: but he does not give to the world at large that help which should be all men's gain from a noble life; he does not set before us the character that was beyond all characteristics, and beneath all energy and skill in action; he does not make us see, in its unity and uniqueness, the moral form that lived and wrought; he does not bear into our minds a fresh presence, to be henceforward, as it were, of the privy council of our life, a voice to be listened for, a witness to be remembered, a rebuke for all faint-heartedness. We may, perhaps, be able to get such an image out of the big volumes and the throng of incidents; but we must get it for ourselves, with more expense of time and industry and patience than most men care to give to the task. And so the power of the story never comes to many who would have had real help from a clear and vivid picture, bold and salient and strong in its presentation of that which was at the heart of the eventful life — the man who lived it. The first virtue of a biographer is to see in statuesque distinctness the character which he would make us see; the second is to be ruthless and audacious in omissions. To borrow a metaphor from Mr. Browning, the biographer must recognize his limitations in the selection of details just as a cabin passenger must remember the scanty space allowed him as he chooses what he will take with him on his voyage. It would be delightful to take everything he values and enjoys; but then —

Alas, friend, here's the agent — is't the name?  
The captain, or whoever's master here —  
You see him screw his face up; what's his  
cry  
Ere you set foot on shipboard? "Six feet  
square!"

And in spite of all that a sensitive and enthusiastic nature is inclined to regard as absolutely indispensable, the cabin passenger — and the biographer — must

\* 1. *Vie de Mgr. Dupanloup*. Par M. L'ABBE F. LAGRANGE. Quatrième édition. Paris, 1884.

2. *Life of Mgr. Dupanloup*. By the ABBE F. LAGRANGE; translated from the French by LADY HERBERT. London, 1885.

3. *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. Par E. RENAN. Treizième édition. Paris, 1886.

4. *Les Catholiques Libéraux*. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1884. 15 Août, 15 Décembre.

understand what six feet mean, Compute and purchase store accordingly.\*

And yet the biographer of Mgr. Dupanloup might well plead that there never was a life much more difficult to bring within the compass of artistic treatment than his. The times through which he lived, his continual prominence and energy, the great variety of his gifts and of their uses, his restless readiness of tongue and pen, his fights and friendships, his unhesitating acceptance of every task that a conspicuous position could attract—these are causes which might seem to preclude all hope of unity in the portrayal of his life. And it was, perhaps, impossible for any one writing so near to the events *quorum pars magna fuit*, and writing from the standpoint of the Abbé Lagrange, to keep down in due subordination, or to compress in just proportions, the details of controversy and policy and administration which increase the bulk and diminish the effect of these volumes. But we cannot help regretting the result; most of all for the fear lest in the range and speed and din and glare of the public life men will lose sight of the real greatness which was in Mgr. Dupanloup. There have been many who have been as brilliant as he upon the stage of history; many who have in the long run exercised far more effect upon the course of affairs. But there are other traits in his life and work which seem to belong to a very rare type of character, which look as though they came out of that inner strength and purity which lift a man at once into the very first rank, and make him really worth watching and remembering.

One would like to be quit, as soon as may be, of the ungracious business of finding fault. That task can never be less welcome than when one deals with a "labor of love," such as Lady Herbert has achieved in translating the work of the Abbé Lagrange. But the translation suffers seriously from a great mistake of judgment. It was open to Lady Herbert to translate the abbe's French quite accurately; in which case no one would have complained if the French had shown

through the English, if the strong and salient characteristics of the original had defied the effort of translation, and the English been brackish, as it were, with French. Or the conception and title of a translation might have been abandoned, and we might have had an English presentation of the bishop's life, based upon the abbé's work, and gathered out of his volumes; in which case the language might have been pure and natural English, and the bulk of the book judiciously retrenched. But Lady Herbert has adopted neither of these plans. We have neither the accuracy of translation nor the attractiveness of an independent work. Phrases and sentences are here and there omitted; it would not be too much to say that, regarded as a translation, the book seems quite recklessly inaccurate; but still the language in many passages is plainly hindered and disfigured by the influence of the French idiom. One instance will suffice to show the extent of the freedom with which the original has been treated. The Abbé Lagrange writes:

C'est à lui-même que nous devons ce que nous allons pouvoir raconter de ses premières années. Chateaubriand a dit de ses "Mémoires," "Si telle partie de ce travail m'a plus attaché que telle autre, c'est ce qui regarde ma jeunesse, le coin le plus ignoré de ma vie." On pourrait ajouter, et le plus révélateur. Non certes "pour remonter le cours de ses belles années" comme Chateaubriand, mais dans un sentiment autrement sérieux, de profonde humilité et de reconnaissance, l'Abbé Dupanloup, en 1848, pendant une retraite qu'il fit à Issy, se plut à écrire, sous l'œil de Dieu, de simples notes, à l'usage de son âme, intitulées, *Souvenirs de ce que j'ai fait de mal et de ce que Dieu m'a fait de bien.*\*

Now the corresponding passage in Lady Herbert's book is this:—

We owe to himself the account of his early years. Chateaubriand says in his "Memoirs," "If any portion of this work has been more interesting to me than the other, it relates to my youth, that unknown corner of my life." With a far deeper feeling, and with intense humility and gratitude, the Abbé Dupanloup in 1848, during a retreat at Issy, wrote some simple notes on his childhood for the good of his own soul, and which he

\* Bishop Blougram's Apology. R. Browning's Poetical Works, vol. v., p. 266.

\* Vie de Mgr. Dupanloup, tome i., p. 3.

headed with the words, *Recollections of what I have done wrong, and of the good which God has done to me.\**

Some comments might be made on the grammar of these words; but they are quoted here only to illustrate the extreme liberty which again and again is taken in dealing with the original. Instances at least as marked might be multiplied to almost any extent: thus twenty-five lines of French at the beginning of chapter xxix., concerning the Abbé Dupanloup's grief for his mother's death, are represented by eight lines of English. This is surely inconsistent with the title of a translation; and the importance of insisting on accuracy in such matters forbids its being left without very serious censure.

At the same time there cannot be claimed for the English version the counterbalancing advantage of having got clear from the peculiar characteristics of the French: "I embrace you with all my heart;" "how useful such little gifts are towards young men;" "an eminent catechist, the hope and ambition of all mothers"—such expressions as these keep the flitting sense of the original always hovering about the reader's mind; the French idiom is seen, as it were, out of the corner of his eye, while he is looking at the page of English.

Lastly (and the word is written with real relish), far more care should be given to the revision of the proof-sheets. "Its fame resounded far beyond the diocese, and was as eagerly read by the laity as by the clergy;" † "Another admirable play of Sophocles, the 'Œdipus at Colonna';" ‡ "Oculi omnium in te sperant, Domine, et tu das illi escam in tempore opportuno" § —the sight of sentences like these seriously interrupts the enjoyment of any book.

There! the graceless and unwelcome part of the critic's work is done at last, and we may turn to look at the life and character which Lady Herbert is most rightly

anxious to set before the mind and heart of English readers. Let us first try to form some idea of the ways by which the great Bishop of Orleans was trained for all his work; then let us glance at the astonishing activity of his life, the ceaseless and brilliant energy with which he threw himself into all the manifold complexity of strife and stir around him, the zeal and versatility with which he took the tasks of twenty men; and then let us pause to look rather more steadily at those aspects of his career which seem to yield, as we gaze at them, the gravest, highest lessons which he has to teach us.

Félix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup was born on January 3, 1802, at the village of Saint Félix, between Annecy and Chambéry, and the former of these two places was the scene of his childhood. He began life with no advantages to make success or greatness likely; nay, with hindrances as serious as could well beset him. All that helped him in his early years he owed to the love and self-denial of his mother; and in his letters and elsewhere it is easy to see the depth of reverence and affection with which he owned the debt. There are graceful, loving letters from the young seminarist:—

Bonne mère, je t'aime, je pense à toi dans mon travail; je dis, c'est pour Dieu et pour ma mère. . . . Adieu, ma mère, je vais aller à la messe de minuit; je prierai pour toi ce Dieu nouveau-né, qui eut une mère aussi et l'aimait bien tendrement. Ton tendre fils. (Vol. i., p. 64.)

She enters into the first and inmost thoughts of his life as a priest: "Mais, pour moi, vois-tu, il n'y a qu'une seule personne que je désire à ma première messe, et c'est ma mère"\* (p. 86). Throughout all those stages of his work in which such an arrangement was possible he lived with his mother, and when he was superior of St. Nicholas he secured for her a lodging close by, and never passed a single day without going to see her. But when she was dying, at the age of seventy, only a few weeks before her son was made Bishop

\* Cf. *Souvenirs d'enfance*, E. Renan, p. 176: "Le plus beau trait du caractère de M. Dupanloup était l'amour qu'il avait pour sa mère."

† Life of Mgr. Dupanloup, vol. i., p. 2.

‡ Vol. i., p. 351.

§ Vol. i., p. 457. Travellers to Einsiedeln should be warned not to seek it, according to Lady Herbert's directions, in the Black Forest (i. 93).

§ Vol. I., p. 17.

of Orleans, he felt how far his care and loyalty had stayed below the level of his mother's self-forgetful tenderness, and there are very touching words in the pages that tell of those days in his life :—

Je bénis Dieu de ces dernières années. Mais auparavant tout avait été peine. . . . Et je ne parle pas de toutes les peines que je lui donnais par ma froideur, mon indifférence apparente, mes duretés. Oh ! qu'il faut prendre garde que le prêtre n'éteigne le fils. Ce ne peut être la volonté de Dieu. (Tome i., p. 525.)

Again, as he looks back very soon after her death, he writes :—

Depuis que je l'ai perdue, je vois qu'elle tenait dans mon cœur et dans ma vie une place immense. Je lui donnais peu de temps ; ma vie était ailleurs ; mais il n'y avait rien dans ma vie et dans mon temps où elle ne fut. Il y a mille choses auxquelles je m'aperçois que je ne tenais qu'à cause d'elle ; je les aimais parce que ces choses lui faisaient plaisir. Aujourd'hui que ma mère n'y est plus, toutes ces choses sont mortes pour moi. Je sens que dans les choses même les plus indifférentes, ma mère y était. (P. 529.)

One may venture thus to dwell on the love of the mother and the son, not only for the other instances which it may recall of great lives moved by a like force, but also because it had an unshared power over Félix Dupanloup. In face he was very singularly like his mother, and many traits of his character he drew from her. She is said to have been "digne de ce culte filial ; femme extérieurement très-simple, mais belle et riche nature ; d'une culture ordinaire, mais avec des qualités qui ne l'étaient pas ; une trempe énergique, une sensibilité profonde, un rare bon sens, une ardente foi."\* It is not hard to trace in the bishop's thoughts and life the reappearance of most of these characteristics.

His school-days began at Annecy ; but the tokens of promise soon encouraged a great venture, and with very scanty means and manifold anxiety his mother decided to take him to Paris, whither they came with an aunt and a cousin towards the end of 1809, when little Félix was between seven and eight ; and there he was presently sent to school at the Collège Sainte-Barbe. At about this time, when he was ten or eleven years old, he had an experience which, discouraging as it seemed, probably bore good fruit in his later work. He learnt how children should *not* be dealt with ; the dreary, ill-arranged catechizing at St. Etienne du Mont, and the

stiffness and dryness of the old priest who heard his first confession, probably often came back to him as a useful and warning memory. At twelve and a half, having been rejected at St. Séverin as too young to be prepared for his first communion, he found his way to St. Sulpice. His biographer has good reason for the words, "Le voilà où Dieu l'attend ; tout son avenir allait se décider là" (tome i., p. 13).

Since the time of M. Olier the work of catechizing had been foremost in the care and fame of St. Sulpice. By the elaboration of catechisms and the devotion of catechists the parish had first been lifted out of the abyss of neglect and misery and infidelity and vice into which it had sunk, and the whole scheme of catechetical instruction had been elaborated to conspicuous excellence.\* Félix Dupanloup felt at once, it may be with the dawning sensitiveness of the future catechist, the height and beauty of the work that was going on : "Il y avait là comme une atmosphère de silence, de religion, de recueillage, de docilité, de sincérité qui me toucha" (p. 14). He joined the class at once, and was drawn still further into sympathy and confidence by the simple kindness with which he was welcomed. He tells the story very frankly and charmingly in his "Entretiens sur le catéchisme," whence it is drawn by M. Lagrange. Henceforward St. Sulpice, its teaching, its discipline, its character, its friendships, became the fashioning and animating forces of his life. There he was prepared for his first communion and for confirmation.† There he first received the Holy Eucharist, and knew "les mystérieux épanchements de l'âme émue d'un enfant dans le cœur de Jésus-Christ, qui lui réserve pour ce solennel et doux moment ses plus ineffables tendresses" (p. 23). There he was confirmed ; there the thought of seeking holy orders grew gradually clearer and less timid in his mind ; and thence he was sent, "with a free burse," towards the close of 1815 to "la Petite Communauté," a school in close alliance

\* Cf. *Méthode de Saint Sulpice dans la direction des catéchismes* (Paris : Lecoffre, 1874) : a complete account of all the details in the system, organization, and arrangement of the various kinds of catechisms.

† He found at St. Sulpice a very different confessor from his old friend at St. Etienne, and he tells in a few graceful words the happiness that came to him after he first went for confession to M. de Keravenant : "Je sortis très-heureux. Je me souviens encore du bonheur et de l'entrain avec lesquels j'allai, ce jour-là, faire une partie de barres au Luxembourg. Jamais je ne m'étais senti si léger, jamais mes camarades ne m'avaient vu si intrépide à la course, sans se douter de ce qui, ce jour-là, m'avait rendu encore meilleur coureur qu'à l'ordinaire" (tome i., p. 17).

\* Vie de Mgr. Dupanloup, i. 521.



with St. Sulpice, "destinée à chercher et à soutenir les vocations sacerdotales" (p. 28). There he stayed for three years with many troubles in them; for M. Poiloup, the superior, was young and misunderstood the lad; he missed the consideration and affection of his friends at St. Sulpice, and the happiest and perhaps the most fruitful hours in these years were those in which he was taken, with the other boys of the community, to the Catéchisme de Persévérance at the well-loved church. But it was a welcome change when he was removed, according to the usual course of training, to the Seminary of St. Nicholas—the seminary to which some fifteen years later he was to come again, as its superior. There for three years he worked hard, with happiness and success. But probably the most important element gained at this time in his preparation for the positions to which he was afterwards called came by two friendships—one with the two brothers De Moligny, who welcomed him to their beautiful home at Courcelles; the other with the Duc de Rohan, who, after a terrible sorrow, had turned his back upon the world and was now on the verge of his ordination to the priesthood. He formed a sudden and close friendship with the young Dupanloup, who thenceforward was constantly at La Roche-Guyon, the duke's château by the Seine. Among the group of friends whom he met there he probably learned lessons which stood him in good stead through all his subsequent work, while at the same time he came under the wise and encouraging and helpful influence of M. Borderies, afterwards Bishop of Versailles. To his influence he ascribed a new beginning in his life, and probably he understood the impulse and the power which most told upon him: "Je trouvais quelqu'un qui m'aimait et qui m'estimait; aimait et estimait ce qu'il y avait de bon en moi, pour le rendre meilleur: il en avait l'espoir, le désir, et me le faisait sentir."\* It was under these conditions that he gradually received into himself the best characteristics of the clergy of the French Church, and began to drink in the spirit which was to be secured for his lifelong help by the next stage in his education—the four years which he spent at Issy and at St. Sulpice.†

"Le nom de Saint-Sulpice doit m'être cher jusqu'au dernier soupir," he says himself; "L'évêque d'Orléans est un vrai enfant de Saint-Sulpice" . . . "nul n'en a plus avidement recueilli et plus fidèlement gardé l'esprit" (tome i. 55) adds his biographer. It is probably impossible to enter rightly into his character and work without a thorough study of the famous seminary to which he owed so much. And such a study would have elements of fascinating interest; for two books have lately been given to the world which deserve comparison, and might perhaps throw a good deal of light on one another. The first is M. Renan's "Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse," in which he gives us, with characteristic grace and insolence, with an unfailing power of attraction and of repulsion, his account of the character and work of Issy and St. Sulpice. The other is M. Icard's large and exhaustive volume entitled "Traditions de la Compagnie des Prêtres de Saint-Sulpice." Here we have a full description of the whole course of teaching and training and discipline, in life and thought, in mind and morals, adopted with the candidates for ordination; beginning from such simple virtues as not crossing one's legs and not putting one's elbows on the table, and "ne déployant pas sa serviette avant que les personnes les plus respectables n'aient déployé la leur,"\* and going on to the highest conceptions and means of progress, ethical, intellectual, and spiritual, in the Christian and the priestly life. The book is elaborate and thoughtful, and, taken together with such light as M. Lagrange and M. Renan, from very different quarters, cast upon it, might give us a vivid and valuable insight into the real life and worth of St. Sulpice.† But the inquiry would go far beyond the utmost limits of this article. It must suffice here to mark the great part which Issy and St. Sulpice had in the life of Félix Dupanloup. It was no little thing that he came to know at this time the Père de Ravignan and the Père Lacordaire;‡ but the real work of

d'Issy, où l'on fait les deux années de philosophie. Ces deux séminaires n'en font, à proprement parler, qu'un seul. L'un est la suite de l'autre; tous deux se réunissent en certaines circonstances; la congrégation qui fournit les maîtres est la même." (E. Renan, *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse*, p. 200). Félix Dupanloup was at Issy from 1821 to 1823, at St. Sulpice from 1823 to 1825.

\* M. Icard, *Traditions*, etc., p. 125.

† Cf. also M. Olier's *Pietas Seminariorum Sancti Sulpitii* (Lecoffre, 1885).

‡ His estimate of and relations with the latter would reward a careful study. But, indeed, a separate article

\* Tome i., p. 51. Some years later he added in a marginal note to these words the characteristic thought: "C'est tout le secret de l'action sur les âmes."

† "Le grand séminaire du diocèse de Paris, c'est le Séminaire Saint-Sulpice, composé lui-même en quelque sorte de deux maisons, celle de Paris et la succursale

these years is told in two sentences: "*La vie surnaturelle s'établit dès lors en moi dans une certaine solidité qui a depuis souffert bien des affaiblissements, mais qui ne s'est guère démentie grièvement, je le crois*" (p. 58). And then: "*C'est là que l'ordre divin et surnaturel de l'action pastorale sur les âmes commença à m'être révélé. . . . Depuis, tout ce qui n'est pas cela, tout ce qui n'est pas l'action pure sur les âmes, n'est rien pour moi*" (p. 72). The vivid and abiding sense of the supernatural; the sure and solid realization of the things eternal and unseen; the love and zeal for souls, supreme, engrossing, animating, and illuminating: these surely were the two greatest and highest lessons that could be given to a man on the eve of his ordination; nothing better could be wished from any course of training than that a priest should trace back to it such gifts as these; and no other enrichment of the mind and heart could go so far towards making him great with the lowliness of God's servants.

At the close of 1824 he was ordained deacon; but he remained still at St. Sulpice, until, on December 18, 1825, he was admitted to the priesthood, by Mgr. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris. That prelate, together with M. Borderies, had long seen the exceptional character and gifts of the young cleric; he was summoned at once to live at the archiepiscopal palace, as one of a group of priests gathered there by the archbishop for study and for special work; and, by an act of remarkable discernment, his energy was concentrated at once on that which was probably the very best and most successful bit of work he ever did—the catechisms in the little chapel by the Church of the Assumption, which was then taking the place of the still closed Madeleine.

As one reads his life and certain of his writings this part of his manifold labors comes out gradually but clearly into its due prominence; and it was most dear and congenial to him. In it every gift of his mind and heart found full and unhindered play; it was rich in happiness and promise; and he himself, one may well believe, would after all have called it the greatest as well as the brightest work he ever did. In the midst of all the strife and fame and grandeur and applause he looked back to it with unchanged enthusiasm and affection; to it he dedicated some

of his most important books;\* and it is with unmistakable sincerity that he dwells on this period of his life in the great "*Entretiens sur la prédication populaire*," published when he was at the height of his glory in 1864:—

Si vous me permettiez ici, messieurs, un souvenir personnel, je vous dirais en toute simplicité, c'est aux Catéchismes que je dois tout. Pour moi, ah! que les enfants, qui ont été mon premier amour et le premier dévouement de ma vie, en soient aussi le dernier.†

To the development and extension in his diocese of the work of catechizing he devoted his utmost energy and care; and some of his very best writing has this aim. The impression of the immense privilege and importance of such labors had been borne in to him at St. Sulpice; it was completed and ensured at the Chapel of the Assumption, and he retained it to the end of his life. He had already begun, during his diaconate and before leaving the seminary, to bear some part in the work of the catechisms connected with the Madeleine; but it now became his especial charge, the appointed field for the powers of his ordained life; and he threw himself into the duty with characteristic energy and with brilliant effect. "Il s'y absorbait tout entier; et renonçant courageusement à tout ministère étranger à son œuvre, à toute prédication dans Paris, il donnait à ses catéchismes tout son temps et tout son cœur" (tome i., p. 91). To this one work he devoted himself wholly; for the first six years he wrote out all his catechizings beforehand at full length‡ "Son grand art était de donner de l'importance à tout" (p. 96). The characteristics and progress of every child in all the hundreds who formed his classes were recorded carefully in his note-books; no care, no toil was spared; and all his matchless gifts of eloquence and quickness and sympathy were lavished with delight and enthusiasm upon this one task. It is not strange that the catechisms became famous throughout and

\* Especially *L'œuvre par excellence, ou entretiens sur le catéchisme*.

† *Entretiens sur la prédication populaire*, pp. 434, 435.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 200. There have been in our own communion some who have had wisdom and warm-heartedness enough to discern, as clearly as Mgr. Dupanloup did, the pre-eminent importance of catechizing as an integral part in the work of a parish. An intimate friend of the late vicar of St. Andrews, Wells Street, can recall his saying: "If I have ever done any good at all as a parish priest—which may well be doubted—it has been in my Saturday classes. I am more and more convinced every day I live that catechetical instruction is the only sure foundation on which you can properly build people up in the faith."

of considerable length might well be written on the one subject of his friendships and alliances with men such as Mgr. Borderies, M. de Montalembert, M. de Falloux, M. Thiers, M. Cousin.

beyond France; nor that the young catechist soon found himself rich both in good repute and in affection; nor yet that he clearly felt that his own soul and all his powers were growing beyond all that he had anticipated in the strenuous and happy activity of congenial work.

It is necessary to pass over several scenes of his life in this period, which do not admit of being summarily told; his relations with the Orleans princes; his foundation of the Academy of St. Hyacinth; his share in the beginning of the great Conférences de Notre Dame (a work which brought him into close and delicate relations with Père Lacordaire); and finally the tangled troubles which led to his removal from his trust at the Madeleine — the trust in which he could hardly have a successor. It was a heart-breaking sorrow and disappointment to him; but it was not long before Mgr. de Quélen found for him a task wholly apt for his heart and mind. For about eighteen months he was a curate at St. Roch; and then, in the late autumn of 1837, he was appointed superior of the Petit Séminaire de Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet — the school where he himself had been happy and distinguished as a boy. He had not held that post for twelve months when there came to the seminary a young Breton, who had just been gaining all the prizes in the distant college of Tréguier — a lad destined to attract attention to all places and people concerned in training him for his conspicuous and perhaps unique position as M. Ernest Renan.

The chapter in the "Souvenirs d'enfance" which treats of this stage of M. Renan's progress into prominence is certainly of fascinating interest; and in language marked with all the fresh charm of a modesty that has never been overworked he lays on Mgr. Dupanloup a very serious responsibility. "M. Dupanloup m'avait à la lettre transfiguré. Du pauvre petit provincial le plus lourdement engagé dans sa gaine, il avait tiré un esprit ouvert et actif."\* The picture drawn of the life at Saint Nicolas deserves a study in detail, but three salient and suggestive points are all that may here be selected. They are points in Mgr. Dupanloup's character and power which give the clue to a great deal of his subsequent brilliancy. M. Renan leaves no doubt as to the *strength and life* that were in the superior: "Il est certain qu'il écrasait tout autour de lui" (p. 179). "Il fut pour moi ce qu'il

était pour tous, un principe de vie" (p. 177). He remarks in him already an extraordinary *skill in making others work*: "Ce qu'il était, c'était un éveilléur incomparable; pour tirer de chacun de ses élèves la somme de ce qu'il pouvait donner, personne ne l'égalait" (p. 179). And lastly he shows how evident already were the *instinct and enthusiasm for education* which were to form the impulse of many labors and many fights: "L'écrivain, l'orateur, chez lui, étaient de second ordre; l'éducateur était tout à fait sans égal" (p. 178). Seven years later when he was turning away from St. Sulpice and from the thought of ordination, M. Renan had occasion to recognize, as he frankly owns, a yet higher quality in his former teacher:

Je trouvai chez M. Dupanloup cette grande et chaleureuse entente des choses de l'âme qui faisait sa supériorité. Je fus avec lui d'une extrême franchise. Le côté scientifique lui échappa tout à fait; quand je lui parlai de critique allemande, il fut surpris. . . . Mais quel bon, grand et noble cœur! J'ai là sous mes yeux un petit billet de sa main: "Avez-vous besoin de quelque argent? ce serait tout simple dans votre situation. Ma pauvre bourse est à votre disposition. Je voudrais pouvoir vous offrir des biens plus précieux. . . . Mon offre tout simple ne vous blessera pas, j'espère." (Souvenirs, etc., pp. 323, 324.)

Bringing with him such powers and traits of character, Mgr. Dupanloup did not fail to work a great change in the narrow and flagging life of the Little Seminary. He widened the range, both of admission and of study; he invited lads to enter the school even though they had no intention of seeking orders, and he recast the whole plan of the education in a far more liberal form. But all these changes, and the distinction and prosperity and opposition which they secured for the school, did far less to make the superior famous and to hasten him into eminence than the strange affair in which he was called to play a chief part very soon after his appointment at St. Nicolas, and five or six months before Ernest Renan arrived there. It seems uncouthly work to weigh evidence or peer into doubtful expressions in regard to scenes such as those around the death-bed of M. de Talleyrand. We are not concerned to estimate the moral or spiritual value of the

\* The weightiest and amplest of his writings were devoted to the same subject; and for his great treatise upon education M. Legrange claims that it is "le plus élevé, sur cette matière, le plus pénétrant, le plus complet, le plus éloquent. . . qu'aura produit ce siècle" (tome iii., p. 486).

recantation which he signed at last upon May 10, 1838; M. Renan has no doubt upon one side, and bestows on the transaction some of his coldest, hardest, and brightest epigrams. M. Dupanloup and M. Lagrange seem equally clear upon the other side. What does strike one in the *course* of the transaction, according to either estimate of it, is the vulgarity (a vulgarity which certainly society, both ecclesiastical and general, did its best to encourage in the unhappy prince) of the mind that at such a time, in such a matter, could presume upon prestige, and dawdle for effect, and think so much about dates and titles, and who would be pleased, and what the world would say, in regard to an act which, if it had any meaning at all, could be nothing more and nothing less than the late cry of a dying, sinful old man for the mercy he should have sought long before. What strikes one among the only *consequences* of which men can judge is that the young priest who was called to deal with this conspicuous and dilatory penitent, was lifted at once into a publicity which secured full scope and recognition for his many gifts.

In 1845 differences of opinion between M. Dupanloup and Mgr. Affre (who had in 1840 succeeded Mgr. de Quélen), in regard to the management of the seminary, led to his resigning the office of superior; but immediately afterwards he received considerable tokens of favor from Rome (to which he had already paid two visits); and early in 1846 the Archbishop of Paris made him a canon of Notre Dame. In that position he remained for three years—years remarkable for the development of his extraordinary power and the growth of his splendid fame as a preacher; and also for the first stages of a struggle out of which he never entirely escaped, the great and complex struggle over the Education Law of 1850. The story of that fight allows of no abridgment which would bring it within the compass of a review; it is the first of many passages in the remaining part of Mgr. Dupanloup's life which are inseparable from the general history of France, and which must be left by the critic for the more deliberate treatment and estimate of the historian.\* We would only try to follow the narrow

thread of the personal life, as it passes, now clear and now obscured, through all the change and stir and stress of the great world; and so following we must pause at the year 1849. The peculiar sorrow of that year has been already marked; on February 2, the mother whom he had loved so loyally was taken from him. About two months later he was appointed by M. de Falloux to the bishopric of Orleans. He was consecrated at Notre Dame on December 9, 1849.\*

And here one is forced in sincere despair to give up trying to sketch his life or condense the record of his work. The art of abridgment has been much cultivated in this day of many examinations and well-informed shallowness; but no Liebig of literature could possibly compress into a "Student's Manual" all the doings and difficulties and distinctions and distractions of the Bishop of Orleans during the nine-and-twenty years of his episcopate. There was not a detail of practical work throughout his diocese which escaped his swift and penetrating energy. His pastoral letters alone fill three large volumes.† There went out "circulars incessantes au clergé pour enflammer son zèle."‡ Peter's pence, charity, retreats, education, restoration of churches, catechisms, the cholera, devotions to the blessed sacrament, collections for Algiers, prayers for the pope, confirmations, clergy-houses, the duty of reading—these are but a few of the matters about which he strenuously and with insistence set to work. He required his clergy to give courses of continuous instruction for four years, and organized a scheme for securing that this should be done. Archdeacons, vicars-general, deans all were routed out and arranged and set to work; no one was forgotten or undisturbed, not even a beadle or a chorister.

De même pour sa maison épiscopale. Pénétré de ce principe formulé par Saint Paul, qu'un évêque doit gouverner sa maison, *præesse domui suæ*, il a écrit, avec la dernière précision, le règlement de chacun de ses domestiques, et il le leur mettait en mains dès qu'ils entraient chez lui. (Tome ii., p. 246.)

\* The notes which he made in regard to his new work during the retreat preceding his consecration are of great beauty and value.

† Nouvelles œuvres choisies, tomes v., vi., vii. Even into his relations with his clergy the Ultramontane press did not hesitate to intrude, sedulously stirring up suspicion and hostility against his work. Cf. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1884, 15 Décembre, pp. 801, 806, 812, 814. It seems either discreditable or ominous that the authority of Rome could not secure at least a decent semblance of loyalty to the episcopate in a leading clerical journal. Cf. M. Legrange, ii. 144.

\* For a very interesting account of the struggles in regard to education with which Mgr. Dupanloup was concerned, and of the way in which the best and most brilliant efforts of those with whom he stood were misrepresented and spoiled and baffled by the blindness of the Ultramontane press, cf. two articles by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, entitled "Les Catholiques Libéraux," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1884, 15 Août, 15 Décembre.

Certainly he sustained the character which his old pupil gives him, "un éveilléur incomparable;" and if the same critic suggests that as a diocesan "il fut toujours plus aimé de ses laïques que de ses prêtres,"\* it is not difficult to imagine some grounds for the statement. Universal affection is seldom secured by a raid on the vested rights of leisure or of sloth. Even M. Lagrange records that "quelques anciens prêtres, qui croyaient faire pour le mieux en débitant toujours à leurs paroissiens les prêches de leur jeunesse, goûtaient peu ses avis, et surtout leur forme vive,"† and one can imagine that a like result might come from a like display of energy in certain slumberous parts of England. But the Bishop of Orleans went straight ahead: "C'était un mauvais conseil" (p. 53), he simply says, when some one had advised him to dilute his doses of episcopal tonic. He drew up systematic arrangements for missions and for retreats; he went everywhere, and made the shrewdest notes of all he saw: thus, in one place, "Le curé m'a dit qu'il n'a pas de chandeliers de l'autel, et j'en trouve chez lui à toutes les cheminées;" in another, as to candidates for confirmation, "Les garçons jamais en blouse; . . . on se croit tout permis avec une blouse" (p. 63, note). He marked in this fashion the weak or strong points of all the four hundred parishes in his diocese. He issued to every curé a paper of questions, intended to ascertain the *status animarum* within his cure; to some he sent privately "un autre questionnaire intitulé *Zèle pastoral*"—a somewhat searching and particular document (tome ii., p. 77, note 2). He preached often, enthusiastically, brilliantly, fruitfully; he reorganized and quickened afresh the catechisms in the cathedral; he completely remodelled the seminaries, both little and great; he got the cathedral restored and actively promoted the restoration of many parish churches; he founded communities and systematized "devotions;" he glorified Joan of Arc, and fought the préfet; and no class of men, women, or children escaped his watchfulness or lacked his interest.

Surely, one thinks, as even in this ludicrously inadequate fashion one hurries through the list of his labors, here was business enough for any man. Only one who had turned right away from all else to throw himself wholly into his diocese

could give life or guidance to enterprises so many and so diverse. But all the while Mgr. Dupanloup was writing books enough to seem an amply sufficient outcome for all his time and strength; one publisher alone offers us twenty-seven volumes; M. Lagrange draws out a list of more than one hundred publications; and some of these at least are works of real thought and originality.\* But the thought of his energy becomes fairly astounding when we try to realize how to this pastoral and literary activity he added the toil and excitement of a public life as conspicuous and complex, perhaps, as any of his day. There was hardly a controversy in which he did not figure as a champion, hardly a crisis in which his influence did not tell. He left no assailant undealt with, no challenge declined. With newspapers and ministers, with presidents and clergy, in Italy, in Belgium, with any one and anywhere he was ready to do battle for any cause to which his fealty was pledged. When one recalls, however poorly, the struggles in which he bore a leading part—a part exposing him to fierce and unflagging criticism, a part imperilling his influence and credit day after day—one feels the rare force and courage that were in him, and the marvellous vigor and versatility which could at once meet the exacting claims of political life at such a time and surpass the demands of an important diocese. All the long and bitter strife about the temporal power of the pope and the relations of the French government with Garibaldi and with Victor Emmanuel; the years and years of fighting in the field of education, while step by step religion was driven from its ground; the contests in the French Academy, more successful apparently for a while, baulking M. Taine of his prize and deferring for ten years the admission of M. Littré; the whole business of the Vatican Council in 1869 and 1870; † the war; the National Assembly (in which he sat as a deputy); the Commune; the National Assembly again; the restoration of order and the negotiations with the Comte de Chambord,—through these scenes lay the line of his ceaseless work, and there is hardly a chapter in the history of these

\* Especially valuable are the "Entretiens sur la prédication populaire;" vivid and interesting, sustaining throughout a very high and pure conception of the work of preaching. So, too, "L'œuvre par excellence, ou entretiens sur le catéchisme."

† The account of the bearing of the Liberal Catholics of France, in regard to the Syllabus and the Council, given by M. Leroy-Beaulieu in the second of the articles cited above, is full of interest.

\* E. Renan, *Souvenirs d'enfance*, p. 179.

† Tome ii., partie ire, p. 53.



eventful years that can be written without the frequent recurrence of his name. Prominent in the greatest struggles, yet finding time to make himself felt in the least as well, he never seemed to escape from the strain and noise of controversy. A restless life it was, from which at last he was called away to rest elsewhere; dying, after a long period of ill health, with all that the love of friends and the ministry of the Church could do to help him in that last of all his conflicts, on the 11th of October in the year 1878.

"Il y a eu un peu de bien. J'ai fait de mon mieux. *J'ai assez quoique mal travaillé.*" So he wrote, with simple sincerity, in his last retreat at Einsiedeln barely a month before his death. There is surely a deep and solemn pathos to be felt in the words when we recall the threats and dangers amidst which they were written, and the changes which have been hastened on in France since he was taken from the fight. "Ses derniers regards sur les choses de ce monde étaient tristes; il voyait venir, pour la France et pour l'Eglise, les calamités qu'il avait voulu conjurer . . . il ne se faisait aucune illusion sur les maux qui nous menaçaient."\* A strange sequel has lately been written to the story of his public life. Mgr. Isoard, the Bishop of Annecy, has published a book entitled "Cinq années, 1879-1884." In his preface he gives us a list of the various acts of legislation adopted by the French government in their plan of campaign against the Church. It is indeed an instructive bit of history, well worth studying and remembering; and perhaps Mgr. Isoard hardly exaggerates the consequent state of affairs when he writes: "Le mal dont souffre actuellement en France la religion Catholique c'est la difficulté d'être."†

We would not incur the just indignation of M. Lagrange by attributing to Mgr. Dupanloup the blame for this swift sequence of disasters.‡ But the life of a public man cannot be regarded as a Greek drama; it is not complete in itself; its last chapter is only relatively last; it is inseparably knit into the ceaseless tragedy of history. One's attention is arrested, and one's judgment held in suspense, when the immediate sequel of a man's work is the helpless defeat of all for which he strove. Not that the very highest qualities of insight and justice and self-sacrifice and strength are in this world a sufficient se-

curity against failures which may seem even final. The turbid flood that rushes down gathered its force and volume far back in distant hills from many tributary streams, and no skill or toil, or even goodness, of one man or of one generation may avail to check it: "They shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness;" "They only shall be delivered, but the land shall be desolate." And then there are those stories of martyrdom in life, of the prophet's anguish in his helpless wisdom, when he alone has seen how the ruin could be stayed and no one would give heed to him, or make the only sacrifice that could avail—stories sad as his of whom it was written:—

Εἴπερ ἴσῃν ῥώμην γνώμῃ, Δημόσθενες, ἔσχατος,  
Οὐποτ' ἂν Ἕλληνας ἤρξεν Ἀρης Μακεδόν.\*

Thoughts such as these, and records too, should make us shrink from ever judging a man's work by its apparent and immediate outcome in history. But yet, when the reverses are so quick and cruel as those which have fallen on the French Church since the death of Mgr. Dupanloup, one is forced to look back over the pages of his life, and to ask whether there are no traits which change color, as it were, in the glare of such a sequel; whether nothing could have been done, nothing otherwise conceived, which might have checked that wide havoc of all faith and virtue and nobility which seems to be sweeping over France.

Could nothing have been done by any venture of courage, at any risk, to break away from that sinister and crippling influence by which Rome will never suffer a Church to be sincerely national, or to enter with freedom and reality into the life and genius of a great people? "Subject Churches everywhere, and sister Churches nowhere:" there is the maxim that seems to doom Catholicism to defeat wherever, in the midst of a nation that is waking up to a new consciousness of itself, its powers, and its character, the jealous majesty of Rome controls the policy of churchmen. The Church must be free for vivid, rapid, and whole-hearted sympathy with all the truth and good that are astr about it; it must be able without one backward glance, one moment of waiting for permission, to look into the face of modern life and form its own judgment and take its own course; it must not be interrupted in the strenuous and exacting task of understanding every detail of the

\* Lagrange, tome iii., p. 460.

† Isoard, Cinq Années, p. 16.

‡ Cf. Lagrange, tome iii., p. 495.

\* Plutarch, Βίαι τῶν δέκα ῥητόρων, p. 681.



character with which it deals; and then it will not fail to do for this age what it has done for ages past. But David cannot meet Goliath in Saul's armor. And nations that have learnt what freedom really means will not long allow the highest sphere of national life to be occupied by the submissive agents of a foreign court.\*

The aspect of Catholicism in France, as it falls back before the vehemence with which the allied forces of progress and of vice assail it, is stubbornly Roman. It is also to a great extent unhistorical and effeminate. And here, it must be owned, we touch a serious flaw in Mgr. Dupanloup's credentials for greatness. Few things are more distressing than to mark in some French city the manifest signs which show that the Church is losing hold of the more active and vigorous life of the place—that the men are drifting away from Christianity; and then, as we go into the cathedral or principal church, to find that Catholicism is represented, not by the calm and austere dignity of its historic greatness, but by the tawdry vulgarity of tasteless decorations, by a stream of feeble novelties in sentimental devotions, by a ceaseless and monotonous harping upon the latest, the most disputable, the most exacting and the least commanding of dogmas. Even good men may lack the patience that is needed to discern the inner strength disguised by all these flimsy, unbecoming robes; and others have little difficulty in making the whole thing seem contemptible. It must be feared that Bishop Dupanloup did very little to preserve or to recall for the French Church that ancient severity and self-restraint by which she might command the respect of her opponents and teach her children the true secret of strength in conflict. For instance, in a critical anxiety of his life:—

Il multipliait les neuvaines, courait à tous les autels, faisait des vœux, brûlait des cierges. Car il avait non seulement de la dévotion, mais des dévotions. . . . Le 2 janvier, nouvelles alarmes: alors, neuvaine à Sainte-Geneviève, et vœu, non plus du chapelet, mais du rosaire tous les jours. . . . Puis, aux approches de la fête de Saint François de Sales, nouvelle neuvaine à ce grand Saint de la Savoie. Prières à la Vierge de Saint-Sulpice, à la Vierge fidèle, à la Vierge très prudente, partout.†

\* Cf. Leroy-Beaulieu, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1884, 15 Décembre, pp. 830 and 834-40, a passage full of suggestive thoughts concerning the relation of the Church to the cause of liberty. Cf. also M. Renan's *Souvenirs*, p. 190 (ed. 1886).

† Lagrange, i. 524.

This is not the tone or aspect of Christianity which will retain or regain the allegiance of thoughtful and vigorous minds in an age of frank inquiry.

One more influence there was which must have hindered Mgr. Dupanloup from that calmness of judgment and singleness of sight and reserve of strength which greatness needs. Probably for most men it is true that when once they have attained to a sufficient discernment of their powers and their tasks, the less they hear of praise the better they will do their work. The resolutions that tell upon the course of history are formed and held in silence. When the air is still and the din of human voices dies away, then the leaders of men see clearly and think truly; then the inner voice is heard without distraction. No artist paints his best if admiring friends are always chattering in his studio; and perhaps the finest work of all has been done in the years before even one word of encouragement or praise broke in upon the loneliness in which a great man trusted the truth he saw. But round Mgr. Dupanloup there was ever a full chorus of enthusiastic admiration; he lived in a hubbub of superlatives; everything he did or said or wrote surpassed everything he had done or said or written in the past; and whatever hard things his enemies might say of him, his friends could always hurry up with fresh stores of reassuring panegyrics. Doubtless much allowance must be made for French effusiveness; but he would have been a stronger man, and would probably have rendered to the Church more lasting service, if he had been suffered sometimes to work, even for a while, unpraised.

In the interesting chapter which closes the work of M. Lagrange, and is ruthlessly omitted by Lady Herbert, the abbé sketches in outline the generous labors of Mgr. Dupanloup in the bishopric of souls, the work of the ministry; and then he says (before he passes on to the political and controversial life): "Voilà ce qu'il a fait pour l'Eglise, au sein de l'Eglise; mais, si grand que cela soit, il semble que ce soit peu encore devant l'éclat de ses luttes au dehors pour cette sainte épouse de Jésus-Christ."\* We cannot help feeling inclined to reverse the preference in that comparison. We believe that the real greatness of the Bishop of Orleans will be found, not in the splendid exercise of his conspicuous gifts, not in his famous battles or eager altercations, not where

\* Lagrange, iii. 487.

the applause and clamor were loudest all around him, but in the patient and loving care with which he watched and worked for the peace and welfare of single souls; in his gentle, truthful counsels for the highest life; in his tenderness of ministry to little children; in the utter self-surrender with which he sought to serve his Lord; in the wisdom and severity with which he strove through silent days and nights of prayer, to keep his own soul pure and true and humble, amidst all the toil, the anxiety, and the honor to which God had called him.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
EBERHARDT.

#### CHAPTER III.

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,  
Only our hands could meet,  
What matter if half the weary world  
Lies out between our feet?

TIME, after all, if it does not change us, does not convert us into something absolutely different, or even offer an asylum from the past, still always effects something. To weak human nature it suffices to move out of the immediate shadow to find that the point of view has altered. It is almost impossible to look at anything in exactly the same light to-day and six months hence; and though the facts may not have changed in any perceptible degree, the burden, from merely being viewed from another point, has shifted, and the sufferer is eased.

Nothing had altered. Eberhardt was Sigismund Westenholz, whose personality had been the pain of her youth; the gold circlet on her finger spoke always of the bond, that at least nominally linked her to him, making his name hers. There was still all that bitter memory of deceit and cruelty that had placed her in his power, separating her by mere force of circumstances from the brother she loved; and yet, as she went over it to-night, under the starlight, the story did not read itself exactly the same as when she had first heard it. Perhaps the soft balmy night air had something to do with it; perhaps, all unconsciously, healing had been stealing over her in these many months in which so little had arisen to remind her of the wound. At first it had seemed as if she could never forget, but little by little the cloud had lifted, until sometimes now the more difficult thing was to remember that she was living in its shadow.

To-night, however, it was creeping over her, faint, ill-defined, but yet she was aware of something that precluded the calm in which she essayed to live, and which made her feel restless and ill at ease.

These past weeks had been so quiet and peaceful; she had grown to feel at home under this roof which had received her, in the gentle companionship of the kind woman with whom she lived, whom she had learned to know as Madame Esler, and whom she had never learnt to associate with that closed page of her story.

When she had left yonder, as she vaguely denominated the valley over which the ruins of Castle Breistein gloomed, she had had no plans, no intentions for the future.

To get away from the castle and its influences was the immediate longing; and, that accomplished, she had accepted the new life that seemed to have opened out to receive her, in the spirit that it was a home which was to be hers forever. And nothing had happened different to-day from any other day, or such a slight thing that it was scarcely worth making an addition to the ordinary day's ordinary events.

All this long, hot summer day had passed without a disturbing thought to ruffle its serene surface.

The young gladness, which at one time had apparently been banished forever, had seemed beckoning her back into youth, reminding her that she was but a girl after all, and a girl whose whole life had been overshadowed.

But the sunshine had stolen about her to-day, and a reflection of it had warmed her heart also, and she had sung little snatches of half-forgotten songs as she wandered about the lovely garden in the early morning gathering roses; and the sound had gladdened the ears of the elder woman, and she had risen and pushed aside the curtains to catch a glimpse of Leigh in the morning sunshine, and tears had stolen into her kind eyes—tears of thankfulness at the soft outlines that were bringing back youth to the face, to the delicate color that was finding its unaccustomed way under the dark eyes. Madame Esler uttered a word of thankfulness as she noted this, and remembered the girl who had appealed to all the undemanded motherliness with which her heart overflowed, on that past winter night; but when, a minute later, she returned to her unfinished letter, she sighed as she took up her pen.

"You ask me," she wrote, "if she has spoken of the past? No; no word of reference to it has crossed her lips. And I obey you. I have said nothing to her, though sometimes it would ease my heart to do so."

Here Leigh had entered—still singing her little song, still with the soft color on her cheeks—to arrange her flowers, and madame had turned from her letter to listen to the girl's talk.

They lived a quiet life, these two women, in the old-fashioned house, with its lovely gardens and quaint clipped hedges, amongst which Leigh loved to wander. A quiet life, with few neighbors—for they were many miles from the little town—but yet not lonely. And to all alike—to every one who broke the monotony of their daily life—Madame Esler introduced the girl who had come to live with her as "Madame Westenholz," otherwise it would have been hard sometimes to realize the past was not a dream. Sometimes a question would follow, and Madame Esler would further add, "She is a young relation;" but Leigh herself heeded little the questions or explanations. She was content to drift and to forget—if it were possible. But this afternoon, when, the long hot day over, she had been going up-stairs to dress for dinner, a little thing had disturbed her. Lying on the table, she had seen, as she passed through the hall, a letter, and almost unconsciously she had read the address—"Eberhardt, Post-office, Breitstein."

The once familiar name, so long unheard, stirred a quick tide of emotion which brought a wave of color to her cheeks; and she paused, leaning against the banister for a moment, unable to take her eyes from the words.

But only for a moment,—then she pursued her way upwards; but the memories that had rushed back at that unexpected lifting of the curtain which kept them out of sight, would not be banished all at once. "Eberhardt!" The name stood out before her—not the new name which was associated with such bitterness, but the old familiar name at which she had shuddered as a child, and which later on—With a movement in which there was a little impatience, she hastened her steps and pushed open the door of her room.

It was a room that had charmed her from the first. It was not large or imposing—indeed, in comparison with the other unused apartments in the house it was small; but there was something peculiarly pleasing about the somewhat

sombre style of the furniture, which was dark and faded, as if it had worn out under the influence of human presence,—not stood apart and covered up, as was the case with most of the other rooms into which she had strayed. Here everything was homely and comfortable, as if for use; and if the style was sober, that was counteracted by the lovely view across the gardens and the park, to the distant shining river. Opening out of the bedroom, and divided from it only by a curtain, was another room that served as boudoir. It contained little but a heavy writing-table and two or three pictures—pictures of faces or figures, of a type that suited the serious character of its arrangements, but which yet were oddly at variance with the usual character of boudoir decoration. One especially attracted Leigh's attention every time she entered the room. It was called "The Vow," and there was little in the picture except the one man's figure—tall, upright, alert, standing in a silent, empty street, on which the moonlight shone grey and ghostly. Facing her, he stood, an unsheathed sword in his hand, his dark eyes, under their straight black brows, looking into hers. Something in their expression would now and then reach her heart as she paused in the doorway before entering in; or as she sat reading or working at the table, she would lift her eyes to those above her, and wonder what it meant. What was he vowing there alone in the moonlight? What had prompted that sudden movement? Love, hate, good, evil—what was it? What had the painter meant by it? Once she had asked Madame Esler, but she had only told her that it had been bought out of the Salon years ago by one of the house; that the story, if there were a story, she had never heard—"though it tells one of itself," she added, "and that should suffice, even if it be a different one from the one that the painter had in view."

But to Leigh the vagueness dissatisfied; she would have preferred it rounded off into something definite, and often she would speculate and make out a story for herself.

She had banished as soon as possible the momentary glimpse of the letter that had disturbed her, though, passing down to dinner, almost involuntarily her eyes had strayed to where it had been, but it had disappeared. Of course the post went out at this time, but now and again she found her thoughts following it on its out-

ward journey. And now, now that the evening was over, and she stood alone in her room, the memory of it came back. She had dismissed old Margaret, but she had not got into bed. No; it was such a lovely warm night. She was not sleepy, — she would sit up a little longer. But when Margaret had brushed out the soft dark hair, and wished her good-night, she did not continue the book she had been reading, but, pushing wider open the window, leaning her elbows on the sill, she looked forth into the night. Such glorious starlight, with a slender crescent moon, — its quiet and beauty seemed to belong to another world. And, as she leaned thus, there stole once more into her thoughts the memory of that letter. She did not wish to think of it, but there seemed no possibility of escape.

What had it contained? She had been mentioned, of course, — and how?

The past, which she had so nearly escaped, was clutching at her again, and showing how much a part of the present it still was. For the first time for long weeks that desolate room in Breitstein stood out before her, a vague, dim background for the one erect figure standing so strong and distinct. The silence with which those passionate reproaches had been met seemed closing round her again; the eyes, so stern and gloomy, were looking into hers. She made a little impatient movement, but thought was not to be banished by that; something still held her enchained there, whilst that terrible scene re-enacted itself, and, as if held by something stronger than her own will, she remained on, albeit half-unwillingly.

But at length past and present grew entangled, some thought suddenly flying across the vague darkness seeming to serve as a revelation. She lifted her head, which had drooped on to her folded arms, and said, "I am sleepy — dreaming," and yet all the time was aware that the dream was truth. With a few hasty steps she crossed to where the open door revealed the light still burning in the inner room, but on the threshold paused, — it was an almost unconscious habit, — and met the eyes of the picture looking down upon her; the familiar picture — the tall figure in its rich dark dress, the moonlight shining weirdly down on the silent street and on the uplifted sword.

Was she dreaming still?

Clasping her hands, shrinking back as if the pictured figure had come to life, she stood in the doorway, recognizing in a moment's flash that these were the same

eyes of which she had been thinking — the eyes that had looked into hers in the dreary room at Breitstein. And with that flash, in a moment, yet more seemed to be revealed. This had been *his* room; all these surroundings had been his. Here he had worked, and read, and lived; from here he had gone forth to that life that she had known. All at once the place seemed alive with his presence; influences were all about her, voices which spoke of what he had dreamed and done between these four narrow walls. The curtain that hid the past was torn down, and in the quiet and stillness it was as if he were there, a shadow amidst these shadows. She felt her heart-beats quicken, and she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand; but with hands clasped she stood still, under a spell, in which to move or speak were alike impossible.

She would have shaken it off if she could, but that seemed as impossible as when she had striven to escape his actual presence before. He had helped her then, she found herself acknowledging, but now he was avenged; this strange influence which held her here — this influence which spoke to her from the pictures on the walls, and the books whose titles had sufficed, and which she had left undisturbed and unread — was stronger than she was capable of resisting, and she shrank from it, as if in terror. She still stood facing the picture, whose strange resemblance seemed to increase with every moment, feeling imprisoned by the knowledge that had thus suddenly come to her, when swiftly, as it had come, the terror died away. It was as if a soft touch stilled the quickened pulses; the loud beating of her heart grew quieter; the dark eyes into which she looked seemed to express their meaning.

"Why should you fear? Why are you afraid of me? Have I not promised," — and the uplifted sword, on which the ghostly light gleamed, seemed recording the vow in the sight of heaven.

The spell was loosed, the terror that had possessed her vanished away. With a sigh that might have been relief she turned away, taking up the candle which burned on the table, and recrossed the curtained threshold into the other room. Here there were fewer ghosts, surely nothing to alarm her here, — only the one fact that his presence had once been the life of these rooms, that it was in his footsteps she was following, that she was living amid the surroundings from which he had so long been exiled.

Standing for a moment with the thought — it was almost a sad one — flooding her, she lifted the light and looked around.

So little here but the dull, old-fashioned furniture, and the one dark, eager boy's face over the chimney-piece. Just the head of a dark-haired lad, with the eager light of youth in his eyes, — she had often looked at it with pleasure, it was so full of life and hope; but to-night, when her eyes were turning to the accustomed spot, she blew out the candle before they reached it. It told another story now, — she did not wish to see it. It bore no glad prophetic promise of a full life into which that had blossomed, but instead spoke of failure and disappointment, bitterness and solitude. To any one who had cared for the boy, how terrible the knowledge of what the future held, into which those eager eyes had looked! To any one who cared for the man, how terrible the knowledge of the possibilities of his boyhood!

Something so like a sob escaped her, that it startled and aroused her to the consciousness of the fact that she was still standing in the dark, the soft summer wind blowing in through the open window, through which were visible the distant shining stars.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It is a law that resistance must be equal to force.

PERHAPS her unusual vigils made her oversleep herself, for it was late when Leigh made her appearance next morning, and there was something about her manner, some languid look, to which Madame Esler had grown unaccustomed, which made her ask if she had slept badly.

"Not very well," the girl allowed; and, not giving time for any comment, "Madame," she said, more as if making a statement than asking a question, "that room was your brother's, was it not?"

She lifted her eyes steadily as she spoke, but the lashes fell before the answer came.

"Yes, it was Sigismund's," madame said quietly. "In many ways it is one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, though it is not large; but if you take a fancy to another, you know you have only to tell me."

For half a second the girl hesitated, and then, "No, no," she said quickly, "I do not want to change—I have been there so long." She paused, and then beginning a fresh sentence: "The face in the picture is rather like him."

"He sat for it," madame replied, "when  
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he was a young man; it was painted by a friend of his."

She waited also, having spoken, as if hoping or expecting something further; but when the girl next spoke she had drifted into another subject, and the former one was not referred to again.

And there was something else impending, which in their quiet lives was important, at least to madame, — a visit. And it was so seldom that she left home that the very idea was slightly agitating; and in addition, to leave Leigh alone, though it was only for a couple of days, was an extra source of disturbance.

But Leigh, learning it was an old friend to whom this annual pilgrimage was to be made, would not hear of its being postponed; she declared herself quite able to amuse herself during the two days' solitude.

"Shall I ask some one to stay with you?" madame had suggested. "There is Emilie Sybel would gladly come, I have no doubt — or would you rather go to her?"

Leigh, however, refused either alternative.

"I shall be very happy alone, dear madame — do not think of me; I shall garden till you return." She was an indefatigable gardener. "I should be really unhappy," as madame still hesitated, "if you let my presence interfere with your plans."

Thus it was decided; but though the journey, which was only a long drive, was often spoken of, and all the particulars discussed, it was only on this very day, when the departure was so imminent, that Leigh recognized her ignorance of madame's destination. And thus thinking, "What is the name of the lady with whom you are going to stay?" she asked.

There was scarcely any perceptible hesitation before Madame Esler answered in her quiet tones, "Von Cortlandt."

"Cortlandt?" Leigh repeated, with a quick catching of her breath, a sudden step nearer to madame.

"Madame von Cortlandt," madame repeated. "She is an old friend of mine."

"Her daughter —" began Leigh impetuously.

"Her daughter," Madame Esler interposed, "was once engaged to my brother."

There was a pause, the two women looking at one another — the one who had faced and borne sorrow until it was conquered, only the dark hair so early whitened telling what the battle had cost; the other, striving in her ignorant rebellious



youth to escape from it, to deny its power. There was a moment whilst Leigh fought with the flood of recollection that overwhelmed her, a moment whilst some passionate outbreak seemed imminent, but under those eyes that met hers it seemed to die away; her voice, though it trembled, was struggling to be calm, as "engaged," she repeated, as if catching at the word.

"Emilie von Cortlandt was engaged to my brother for nearly a year, until——"

"I know," the girl interrupted quickly, and the words checked anything further that madame might have said.

But afterwards, after she had driven away, with many tender injunctions to Leigh how to amuse herself and what to do, those words came back; and though she strove not to dwell upon them, they haunted her, as if they felt they ought to make themselves heard.

But she paid little heed to them, at any rate during the hours of that hot summer's day. Under the shelter of the trees, reading, idling with a little work, and, as it grew cooler, gardening, the day was after all not so long; but when, the solitary dinner over, and it grew too dark to read and was yet too light for candles, they came back to her.

And with the wish to banish thought, and that a new occupation would be means to that end, she decided this would be a good opportunity to write to her brother. And with this idea she went to her room. In the boudoir she had her own writing materials about her; and besides, within its narrow limits she would be less conscious of the solitude of which she was beginning to weary.

But that haven safely reached, she did not, after all, hurry to set to work.

She put on a soft white muslin dressing-gown; but having made this preparatory change, something attracted her attention to the window—the same window of the bedroom by which she had leaned and dreamt the previous night; and to-night again the lovely soft summer evening had an attraction for her, and she lingered there whilst the dusk deepened and the trees below grew shadowy. She was roused at length by the sound of an opening door—roused sufficiently at least to recognize that she was wasting time; that if she intended writing, it would be as well to begin.

With soft, slow steps she turned away and lifted the curtain that hung between the two rooms; but having done so, for a moment everything reeled before her,

whilst she stood instinctively clasping the curtain; then it fell heavily behind her as her hand lost its power, and she realized it was no creation of her brain that stood before her, but the man from whom she had parted on that long-past winter night.

Under the picture he was standing, looking up at it, a motionless figure; but at the slight movement of the curtain, at the low startled cry that escaped her, he turned his head.

If the expression of *his* face were hard to read, hers was not so; for "Do not be afraid," were his first words. "Why are you afraid?" correcting them. "I did not know you were here. I came to see my sister, and almost unconsciously made my way up here, to look at a room that has an interest for me."

Comment seemed impossible. She strove to say something in answer, but the sudden, unexpected sight of him had paralyzed her. Clasp her hands tightly, she struggled to regain calmness, but it was useless. The laces of her gown were stirred by the pulsation of her heart; her very lips were white as she stood shrinking closer to the curtain, as if meditating escape.

"Believe me," he said, "if I had known, I would not have run the risk of frightening you like this,"—his quick glance taking in all the signs of occupation about—the flowers, and work, and open book. "I thought this wing was safe to be unoccupied, and fancied I would like to look at it before I left. It was a mistake, of course."

He paused again, but still she did not speak. But she was no longer looking at him with wide, open, terrified eyes; they had fallen, the lashes resting a black shadow on her cheeks, and, so standing, a few low words escaped her.

"You have broken your promise."

He heard them, low as they were; and—

"Yes," he said, leaning one hand on the small table between them, and there was a bitter ring in his voice, "I have. It was the only thing I could do for you—and I have not done it; but you need not fear. Though I have broken the letter, I shall not break the spirit. You are as safe, standing here, from a touch of mine, as if a world divided us."

He looked at her a moment longer. There was nothing to-day of that feverish passion that had given her such unwonted power when he had last seen her. That had died away, and she seemed helpless, merely with the instinct to shrink away from him without the power. It touched



him, and yet at the same time seemed to show more clearly than ever how far apart they stood.

She herself at his words was conscious of an abatement of fear — of some influence of calm stealing over her, which even served to deprive him of the terror he had possessed for her. There was reliance still to be placed on his words, though he had proved false; and yet —

"Leigh!" His voice saying her name, which she had never heard him do yet, roused her, and she lifted her eyes to become aware how dark it was growing — that, in the unlit room, his figure stood dark and indistinct amid the surrounding shadows.

"I think I must have wished to see you once more, though I was scarcely aware it was so; at any rate, I had something to say to you which I have never said yet."

"What is it?" she faltered.

"That I love you."

The words, spoken so low, seemed yet to vibrate through the little room with the force of repressed energy.

"If I took advantage of your helplessness and loneliness, that was my excuse. You, poor child, you had no chance; but," — his voice falling, his passionate, gloomy eyes turned to hers, "but, notwithstanding, I would have *made* you love me — if I had had a chance! But there was none, — fate was too strong for me." He turned away to leave the room, but, as if with rapid change of intention, took two or three hasty steps till he stood by her side. "You shall never see me again. It was unfair of me to come to-day, — another crime," more bitterly, "to be laid hereafter to my charge. But as I have spoken, answer me. Tell me you believe me."

"Believe you?" she cried, with sudden passionate energy. "No! a thousand times, no! I do not pretend to understand you. I trusted you and you deceived me. There is no place for me in your life."

The words, a cry of despair, thrilled through the small room, — words, to the one who spoke them and to the one who heard them, capable of such different interpretation.

To the man they were the death-knell of his hopes — if he had had any. The momentary unusual passion died out of voice and look; he turned away, taking a few steps before he spoke again.

"You are right," he said slowly. "I have forfeited my chance. I will see my sister and tell her my plans. If you

should ever want me," lingering still, "you can speak to her. Where shall I find her?"

"She is away," Leigh faltered.

"Away!" he repeated, as if surprised. "Are you alone here? Do not fear," as he saw the answer in her eyes, "I am not going to stay. But tell me this, — I should like to hear it from yourself, — are you happy — content — here?"

"Yes, quite happy," she answered decidedly. "I have been perfectly happy."

Her eyes met his almost as if she expected him to challenge her words, but he met them in silence, and it was after a pause he said, "Well, there is nothing more to say; I will go." As he spoke he took down a book from the little shelves she had never touched, and opened it. "I came, I suppose, to say good-bye to Arnheim," he said. "I shall take this book, a favorite of my boyhood, away with me. Well," rousing himself, "that is all." He slipped the book into his pocket as he spoke, and laid his hand on the lock.

"If I die," he looked back and said abruptly, "before I return to Europe, Arnheim is yours. I have arranged everything; it was about that I wished to speak to Marie, but your knowing it is the same thing."

"Does Arnheim belong to you?"

The surprise in her voice brought the color into her cheeks.

"To me?" he said wonderingly; "did you not know? Why, to whom did you think it belonged?"

"I did not think," she faltered; "I fancied it was madame's home."

"And so you were happy? Well, do not let the knowledge disturb you. I shall not haunt it, either in fact or fancy. Did you know that these were my rooms, — that here, even I was once young and happy? Did you know it?" — as she did not answer.

"Yes, but I only learned it yesterday."

"And who was unkind enough to disturb your ignorance?"

"No one," she faltered. But her voice was so low that it did not reach him, and he recrossed the small dim room, and stood once more by her side.

"Who told you?" he repeated.

"No one; I found it out."

"There was no necessity to give them to you," he said; "they might have given you those with pleasanter associations. Well, choose others. There are plenty to choose from."

His bitter words brought no reply; the

tears were in her eyes, but they did not fall. He perhaps noted it, for "There is no use paining you," he said. "Forget what you have heard. This has been my sister's home for years; share it with her, and, for heaven's sake, be as happy as you can."

It was so dark now that, standing close as he was, his figure was indistinct in the twilight; but his eyes, meeting hers, seemed to compel her to look at him, — the eyes that had failed to meet hers in the great dreary room at Breitstein — the eyes that had haunted her, through the picture that it had grown too dark to see. But though such was the case, almost unconsciously she looked beyond him to that other shadowy resemblance of himself, as if seeking comfort from it.

"Good-bye," he said, — "this *is* good-bye. You need never fear to find me here again, — unless," he paused, — "unless you send for me. I think we may therefore look on this as final."

All about her, rising slowly, was a cold sea of untranslatable trouble. If she could have understood it, and put it into words, there might have been some amelioration, but it was impossible. She did not even understand what was the pain that was making these moments so unbearable; but there was nothing to be done, — least of all, nothing he could do. For it was in a low cry of terror she found a voice at last after he had spoken.

"Do not come near me! Do not touch me!"

Her face looked white against the dark curtain by which she still stood.

He took a step farther back, and "Have I not promised?" he said quietly. "Though, after all," — with a thrill of passion in his voice, — "it is not surprising you distrust me. You cannot even understand that a promise would be sacred. You doubt even the chance that brought me here to-night, and argue from that the use I might make of my opportunity. When I have gone, look back and think of all the times we have been together — not so often after all — and one day you will understand that I have loved you."

He said nothing more. Through the silence and darkness of the little room his tall figure passed; he had reached the door when her voice arrested him. It was cold and quiet, unlike the sharp tones in which she had spoken before.

"Tell me this; why did you not tell us, that other night," — hesitating a little, — "that you were engaged to her?"

"Was it worth telling?" he answered. "I do not think so. I have learned in all these years to hold my tongue. When words can do no good, silence is best."

As if to emphasize his words, he opened the door by which he stood, and passed out into the dark passage, from which, by a steep, narrow staircase, there was communication with the rest of the house. But on the stairs he paused a moment, perhaps connecting some faint hope with the swift soft footsteps he heard crossing the room he had just left; but the sound of a key turned with some difficulty in an unused lock, gave token a moment later of the futility of his hope.

When she had accomplished that one act which stood out clear, and had secured herself from possible interruption, it seemed to Leigh that all the little strength that had kept her standing through the interview deserted her; and, worn and wearied, as if in truth it was hours instead of minutes since she had entered the room, she sank down on to a chair by the window, her face hidden in her hands, as if to shut out some actual vision that haunted her.

The cold waters of fear and trouble that had threatened her so lately had risen higher now, and seemed likely to carry her away. And yet, what did she want? She was safe. He had gone, the door was locked, there was nothing more to fear. But his last words haunted her; they held a reproach, although she did not think such had been meant. Her accusations and Leonard's, he had not answered them; it would have done no good; he had learned to hold his tongue. It seemed like a reproach levelled at the torrent of wild words with which they had assailed him. She too! "Ah, but I was right; he owns it, too. He deceived me, when I trusted him; it would be impossible to trust again. He has spoilt my life, and in exchange he gives me a home. Yes, that is all I have."

She rose impatiently, pushing back the heavy hair from her forehead. "To him it is nothing, nothing; while to me, what is there?"

Something made her lift her eyes to the picture, so dimly seen now that it must have been fancy that made her see so distinctly the expression of the dark eyes. Once more she felt the calm stealing over her, heard once more the words quieting her troubled soul, "You may trust me." Other words now in addition, "You will understand one day that I loved you."

"No," she said, low and vehemently, standing before the silent figure, with slender hands raised to push back her hair, — "no, it is not so. There is no place in his life for me. He allows it himself. Margaret, how you startled me!"

With an apology, Margaret lit the candles and walked about, putting the room tidy.

"Are you going to bed yet?" she asked when she had done. "You look tired, madame; it would be as well."

"No, no. But stay with me," she went on, — "do not leave me alone. Sit down here and knit." And as the other obeyed her, "Margaret," she said, a minute later, coming closer to her, and laying a cold hand on the knitter's busy fingers — "where is he? Has he gone?" The elder woman's eyes did not meet hers as, "He is writing," she replied. "There is nothing to fear — he will not stay long; it is a letter to his sister."

"Where?" Her voice was low and earnest, and Margaret stopped working, and took the slender hand in hers.

"In the library." She added no comment to her words, and the girl did not seem to expect it. She turned away, and for a long time paced back and forth the length of the two rooms in silence; but at last she stopped and said abruptly, "Margaret, is she at Ehrenfelt?"

"No, madame, she lives in Vienna; she never comes home."

"Why," her voice fell a little, and she stooped to allow of its being heard, — "why did she not marry him?"

For a minute there was no reply, fully a minute, whilst the knitting fell unnoticed into Margaret's lap, and the girl stood waiting breathlessly. Then, "Oh, I know," she cried, turning away; "you need not say it," — with a despairing gesture. "It was because of all that stood between them!"

"Dear madame," — Margaret's voice trembled, but her words reached the younger woman, and she half paused to hear them, — "wrong hurts so many people — and — he has been punished!"

But it did not seem as if rebellious youth read in the words aught to pity. Justice! youth is so eager for justice, not recognizing that the sword of justice must be wielded by a passionless hand, — not by one that trembles to avenge, and then so often lives to regret the vengeance.

In silence after that a long time passed, but at length Leigh paused in her restless pacing to and fro, and once more spoke.

"You can go to bed now, Margaret," she said gently; "it was kind of you to stay. Yes, I am tired now. I will try to sleep, and to-morrow — to-morrow I shall feel happier."

At the words Margaret rose obediently.

"It is late," she said; "you will do well to rest. Shall I wait till you are in bed?"

"No, no, thank you." She held the candle at the door to light the other on her way; but, hidden by a turn in the staircase, Margaret paused and sighed as she heard the unaccustomed sound of the key being turned in the door of the room she had left.

Left to herself, Leigh blew out the light and strove to sleep, and for a time a sort of mist spread itself between reality and fancy, and it was only after a time that she realized that the wearing round of thought which was perplexing her brain had intervened again between her and sleep. Presently it grew unbearable, and she got up, and, putting on a dressing-gown, leant out into the fresh summer night. Such a soft, warm, starlit night, with a gentle little wind now and again making itself felt, — it was soothing, calming. She lingered on, feeling relief. By-and-by, however, she returned to her old occupation of pacing about the room.

"It will tire me," she thought, "and then I shall sleep."

She did not lift the curtain and pass into the other room, though each time she turned in her slow, even walk it seemed almost as if it were with an effort she did not do so.

Each time she knew that the moment would come when it would be impossible to resist.

At last — how she had found her way there she was uncertain — she was standing in front of the picture, studying by the light of the lamp she held, the well-known features.

The soft voice which had called her hither seemed now to be her own heart speaking, and yet its language was strange and unknown. She could not interpret it, — was only conscious of pain. She put down the light, and sought to read the comfort she had so often won from those stern features, but to-night they did not offer comfort. There was reproach in the uplifted eyes, the flashing sword.

"You — young, undisciplined — have refused to learn the lesson of life. I, through my vow, have reached greater heights than you. Renunciation aims at higher things than you have ever guessed

at. To fall and rise again lifts to heights which you have never known."

She was no longer standing, but had sunk down in her white draperies under the picture which had so stirred her. If it had spoken aloud, its voice would not have reached her any more surely. All the room was alive with the presence that had filled it, as if inanimate things were speaking of the proud, eager boy who had once lived here, and comparing that memory with him who had been here to-night.

"I understand your vow," she said softly at length, half kneeling as she spoke. "It was renunciation. That is why it has always comforted me. I understand it now."

Her voice, low as it was, startled her, and served to bring back her thoughts to the consciousness of her surroundings, and in a half-awakened manner she rose slowly to her feet, and, with a candle in her hand, once more passed beyond the whispers and echoes of the room. But in the further room, where the soft night air still blew, she did not linger. Quietly and steadily as a sleep-walker, she went on to the other door, turning the unaccustomed key as she had done earlier in the evening, and stepped out into the dark passage.

There was scarcely a plan in her mind. Her immediate thought was to seek Margaret and to speak to her. She would ask more; she would learn where he was, what he purposed doing; and then to-morrow — yes, to-morrow — she would decide *what* to do. To let him know something even now, she was not very sure what — but she would know to-morrow.

In the mean time Margaret would speak to her, and this oppressive dreariness would be lightened in her presence. She had known him all his life; she was fond of him. Yes, it was to Margaret she would go.

But first — first, as her silent footfalls trod the floors, and she found herself near the sitting-rooms — almost unconsciously she paused at the library door, and laid her hand on the lock. Here was where he had been earlier; perhaps the letter of which he had spoken might have been, after all, for her.

Silently as a shadow she pushed open the door and entered the room; and at first, so unreal were her movements and thoughts, that it scarcely surprised her to find a light burning. It seemed almost, as she crossed the floor, that she had known it all along, — that his voice had

called her, and that she had known she would find him here.

But a minute later the sense of unreality had vanished, and her heart was beating so fast, her hand trembling so, that she had to put down the lamp she still held, and stop and strive to steady herself before she could take another step.

It was a reflection of a far-off day — the quiet figure seated at the writing-table, a letter before him; but he was not writing. It had been pushed aside, and his face was hidden in his arms, outstretched on the table. There was abandonment, desolation in the attitude; and the stillness after a moment restored her strength, and she stole nearer, nearer, till she could have touched him — till she could note how thickly sown with grey was the dark hair.

For a moment she remained watching him, and then the silence and stillness frightened her, and she laid her hand tremblingly on his arm. He started then, lifting his head; and when he saw her, her name escaped him in a loud, startled cry — "Leigh!"

But recovering himself directly, he spoke. "What is it? Do you want anything, or — do you only want to make sure of my movements?"

"No, no."

She did not note, scarcely heard, the bitterness of his words, so intent was she on her own thoughts.

"I thought you had gone," she went on. "I was coming to look for Margaret."

"Do not be troubled. I am going directly it is light. This was a final vigil," he said slowly, "but I did not wish or intend you to know of it. But why are you awake? And what do you want with Margaret?"

"I thought you had gone," she repeated. "I wanted to know where you were."

"Why?" his voice was quick and stern, but his eyes were haggard with anxiety, as he leaned towards her and put his question. "What did you want with me?"

"I wanted to ask you a question."

"Ask it now."

He was leaning forward in his chair, his hands clasping the arms, and there was something about them that told of the strain he was putting on himself; and as he spoke he looked at her until she felt compelled to draw a step nearer, felt she must speak. But she struggled against it.

"Oh, I cannot!" she cried despairingly; and, noting the efforts she made to retain control over herself, he was silent, as if waiting till she had regained composure.

She turned away then and stood, her head drooped, her hands clasped, striving to steady them.

"I did not wish to ask you," she began vaguely. "I thought you had gone. If I had known ——"

After her irresolute, broken tones, his voice sounded distinct and clear, though low.

"You will not believe me. I do not blame you for that, Heaven knows, but I should like you to hear me say that nothing I have suffered all these years equals what the knowledge of your spoilt life is to me. If there were any way by which I could make you the trusting girl I first knew, I would buy it at any cost; but I cannot. I can only go, and trust that as you are so young, one day you will forget me and be happy. It was coming," he went on, as she made no comment, "do not despair. You yourself told me that even here you have been happy. It will come."

"Never again," she sighed.

"You despair too soon," he answered. "You are tired now, and excited, and in no state to judge. Go back to bed, — sleep; and in the morning, when you wake and realize I have gone, all this will seem a dream, and you will forget it."

"Not in those rooms!" The words escaped her almost as if unconsciously, and when he answered her it surprised her, as if it were a thought to which he had replied.

"Leave them. You have only to tell my sister or Margaret your wish, and they will settle the matter for you."

She turned away with troubled looks, but yet with decision as if to act upon his words, and he made no attempt to stop her, — did not even let his eyes follow her slow steps as she crossed the room. But at the door she paused so long, that he, awaiting its opening, turned his head to ascertain the reason of her delay. She was standing in irresolution watching him, the expression of her face a strange mixture of doubt and longing.

But as he turned his head and his eyes met hers —

"I am helpless," she cried. "I do not wish to stay, and yet you said ——"

"What is it you want to ask me? You say you cannot trust me, — that because of my past you cannot. Be just, and tell me if it indeed is so. You know it is not; then come here. I swear I will not take advantage of your helplessness, as you seem to fear; and tell me what it is you want to ask me."

"I cannot, I cannot!" she cried; but even so saying, came slowly back to his side.

Standing thus, however, she did not speak, though there was something in her drooped head and attitude, as if she were striving to find words in which to clothe her thoughts.

So still she stood that, with her down-cast eyes, the black lashes resting on her cheeks, any one looking at her might have thought she slept.

"You said ——" she began slowly, but she did not lift her eyes.

"I have said so many things that have hurt you," he went on as she paused, "it would be better to forget them all."

"No, no; this was different." She took a step nearer, and stood behind his chair, laying a slight hand on it, as if to steady herself. "Different," she repeated; and he was aware of a touch on his shoulder — a touch which reminded him of that far-off dark day when she had elected to stay with him. "You said that if you had had the chance, you would have made me love you."

There was no hesitation now; the words came so low and quick that, having spoken, she gave a little breathless sigh and tightened her clasp of the chair, as if to prevent herself falling. Then, as he did not speak or even look up, in a moment she had thrown herself on her knees beside him. "You remember saying it ——"

"What do you mean?" he interrupted. "It is too late now."

"No, no," she cried; "do not say that. Oh, do not you understand that it is my only hope?"

"Poor child," he said gently, "what can I do? You will repent, and then I shall see it, and know that it is my fault. Better say good-bye, and begin life afresh as well as you can, without me to sadden it. You will live to reproach me. At another time you will remember all that lies between us."

"I have remembered it all these months, but it has not made me happy," she urged. "Now teach me."

"What shall I teach you?" he answered low; and as he spoke he leant down and took her hands in his.

"To love you," she faltered.

He bent his head and kissed the hands he held. The color flushed into her cheeks at the memory of the same caress he had offered once before, when she had stood in the bare dreary room at Breistein, so young and confiding. Looking on that other presentment of herself, in



the light of these past months, what a blank, dreary time it seemed! what a lifetime between then and now! The slight curtain that hung between past and present was being torn down. Her head drooped till it rested against his arm.

The vow! Yes, that was what had stood between her and life,—that was the reason why the dark eyes had haunted her in that tragic picture, whose story she had so often failed to read. But now she had released him, and given him back life and hope. She could not give him back his youth; those glad, eager boy's eyes would never again look forth even upon her; but the man's had gained something which the boy's had not foretold.

"Ah, I understand," she said softly as his hand tenderly touched her hair. "It has been all a mistake, but I understand it now."

From The Month.

THE CHARTREUSE OF ST. HUGH IN  
SUSSEX.

*Æquis ad vitam levius beatam  
Quisque secure citiusque tendit?  
Tutius quisnam sua fata anhelat  
Carthusiano? \**

THE branch line of railway that breaks off from the Portsmouth line at Horsham and runs across the fertile and wooded weald of Sussex, embouching on the sea at the little town of Shoreham, is not much frequented by ordinary tourists or travellers. Beautiful as is the undulating scenery through which it passes, it is surpassed by other parts of fair Sussex; it does not lie on the highroad from or to any large centre, or possess any very noted industry. The quiet, peaceful country, on which there seems to have fallen a cloak of solemn silence, when once the noisy rail is left behind, seems to represent mediæval rather than modern England, the peace of the past rather than the bustle of the present. Yet the silence is not altogether unbroken, for as we make our way across the sunny hills and along the pleasant lanes, there falls upon our ears from time to time a sound that carries our thoughts beyond the Sussex weald, and for that matter beyond the hills and dales of England, to lands where the music of the Angelus still rings out joyfully at morning and noon and night, and

where the deep booming bell from the cathedral tower recalls our hearts to God at short intervals during the whole day long. Though, for the matter of that, this Sussex weald has a bell which is not satisfied even with the frequent ringing which we are accustomed to hear re-echoing across the Italian lakes, or in loyal Tyrol, or in Catholic France. The midnight watcher hears its deep, sonorous sound as one day passes into another; and ere the sun can show his early rays even in midsummer, again it re-echoes through the whole country round.

For in the midst of this sweet country, removed alike from town or village, there stands in a commanding situation, slightly raised above the country round, the Chartreuse of England, dedicated to the English St. Hugh, and containing some thirty or forty of those good Carthusian monks, the name of whose order is familiar to us all, though for the most part we know too little of it, or its magnificent traditions, or the spirit that animates it, or the end that its children set before themselves in their religious life. But it has come before us during the last few months in two different ways. Among the English martyrs lately raised to the altars of the Church, there are more Carthusians than religious of any other order. The Carthusians had the honor of being first singled out as objects of the cupidity or the hatred of the tyrant. The protomartyr of England under Henry the Eighth was a Carthusian prior of the London Charterhouse. Two other Carthusian priors suffered with him. Six more of them died on the scaffold, and nine others were starved to death in prison. All honor to these glorious martyrs, and to their brethren of modern days, who make the Sussex weald resound with the notes of their deep-tongued bell of midnight psalmody.

Another, and a very different circumstance has brought these Carthusians under public notice of late. Her Majesty the queen of England lately paid a visit to the Grande Chartreuse of France, of which our English Chartreuse is the modern offspring, and enjoyed the rare privilege of admission within the enclosure. We shall have to speak presently of this visit, of which a distorted and incorrect account has appeared in the English papers. At present we allude to it merely as one of the motives which has led us to choose the present moment for some account of the noble monastery which now forms the ornament and the gem of central Sussex.

\* From a poem, *De Laudibus Ordinis Carthusiani*. By Seb. Brant, LL.D., given by Maurice Chauncey in his *Hist. aliquot nostri sæculi Martyrum*.



We will suppose ourselves wandering along the lanes and across the fields which lie between the little village of Cowfold and Partridge Green. Our attention has been already arrested by the booming bell, and as we turn our eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeds, we perceive a tall spire surrounded by a group of buildings, of which the church seems to be the centre, enclosed by a wall which, as far as its appearance and extent is concerned might be the wall of a little city. This idea is confirmed as we notice that inside the wall, and built into it, are a series of houses apparently of two stories each, with their upper story rising over the wall, but without any window or other communication with the outside. These houses run along a great part of the wall; some of them are at right angles to it, others are parallel to it, so that the wall forms the back of the lower floor of the house. Outside this there are within the wall other buildings a little separated from it, larger and more substantial, more of the character of college buildings. In the centre of all there rises the church, in which the architect has with rare skill overcome the difficulties of modern Norman, and produced a specimen of it of which even the admirer of modern Gothic cannot deny the beauty, or the suitability to its surroundings. A tall spire surmounts the massive tower, which is a landmark all the country round, and gives a dignity to the little city (for city indeed it is) of which it is the crown and central ornament.

As we walk round the walls of our city in order to gain admission, we come upon a part of it entirely different from the rest. The front of the city has in the midst a modern house, in itself well-looking enough, but a strange contrast with the monastic pile around it. This is the original house which stood upon the estate when it came into Carthusian hands, and which now serves as a guest house to the frequent visitors who are entertained there.

Within the gates we find two vast quadrangles, with a smaller one dividing them from each other. In this central court are situated the conventual buildings properly so called; the church, chapter-house, library (immediately over the chapter-house), refectory, chapel for lay brothers, etc. Each of the large quadrangles is surrounded by a vaulted cloister which runs around it. There are in all 3,166 feet of cloister, more than half a mile. Each side of the larger of the two quad-

rangles is some six hundred feet in length, 1,595 feet all round. Quadrangles we have called them, but let not the pious reader limit his ideas to the stunted courts of an Oxford or a Cambridge college. Even Christ Church and Trinity are dwarfed by the magnificent proportions of the monastery of St. Hugh. It is a field, not a court, which is enclosed, and the cemetery, which forms a portion of the larger quadrangle, is in itself a goodly burying-ground, though it is but a fractional part of the whole extent.

Of the buildings we shall attempt no detailed description. Doubtless the provincial bookseller of Brighton or Worthing or Horsham has long since supplied the intelligent tourist with those statistics which are to his taste. Our concern is with the living stones, compared with which the outward structure is of no account except so far as it tells of the character of the order who have built it and reflects the spirit of their piety and the distinguishing features of their rule. But has the Carthusian order any distinguishing features in its rule? and if so, what are they? Let us look a little more closely at the order as it now exists, to see what is the virtue and what is consequently the work that we may regard as assigned to it in this nineteenth century of ours. For every order has its own distinctive virtue, which is the centre of its life, the heart whence flows the life-blood into its every member. So long as this virtue is strong and vigorous, so long the order will flourish and be effective in its work; but if this is lost sight of, decay and demoralization begin at once. In some orders the characteristic virtue lies more on the surface than others. The poverty of the children of St. Francis, the obedience of the sons of St. Ignatius, the mortification of the families of Mount Carmel, the spirit of penance of the Passionists, are proverbial. But the characteristic of the Chartreuse is not so obvious—it lies more beneath the surface. It is not that they above all are conspicuous for their love of solitude. They are not half so solitary as were the monks of the desert, in fact they purposely unite a large element of community life, and consider it an essential part of their institute. Nor is it their rule of silence, strict though it be, for the Trappists are far stricter. Nor is it their choice of a complete seclusion, of a "desert," as the site of their monasteries—if indeed a place can be called a desert which blossoms with sylvan beauties—for other orders, Carmelites and Benedictines, shun

the busy haunts of men, and are only dragged into the city by their zeal for the salvation of souls. Nor is it a mere mingling of one and another of these several characteristics, as eclecticism finds no congenial home in the regular orders of the Catholic Church, and it is only some modern congregations that borrow now here, now there, and so construct a composite rule suitable to the special work they undertake. In the Carthusian rule we are bound to discover one central idea running through it all, the key-note of the beautiful melody which their holy life sends up to the throne of the Most High.

Perhaps there is no better means of searching for the central idea of any religious order than to recur to the life of its founder and of its most prominent saints. In their actions we find reflected the spirit that moved them. We see in their methods of procedure the particular direction in which the Holy Spirit was guiding them, and consequently the aim and end which he desired that the order they founded should set before itself. We must therefore look for the Carthusian spirit to the prominent feature of its founder, St. Bruno. St. Bruno was chancellor of the diocese of Rheims when in 1082 the archbishopric fell vacant. He had already done a great work for the church of Rheims. He lived at a time when the struggle between the secular powers and the Church was at its height, and Gregory the Seventh was fighting his heroic battle against the fierce attempts of the world to encroach on the province of the Church. At Rheims the war had been waged with especial fury, and had threatened destruction to the power of the clergy there. The chief advocate of the rights of the Church had been the holy and energetic chancellor, who had opposed himself like a wall of brass to the enemy who sought to thrust himself into the house of God. He had sacrificed wealth, honors, revenues, he had been exiled for several years, but at length had returned triumphant, to the joy of the clergy of Rheims. And now the archbishopric was vacant, and a successor was to be appointed. It was on Bruno, their chancellor, that the choice of the clergy fell. Who had so deserved to be head of the church for which he had struggled and suffered? Who was so suited to fight, and fight with success, the battle of the church of Rheims in the exalted position of their leader and general.

Bruno was therefore elected, to the great joy of all. But short-lived was their

joy. No sooner had the chancellor heard of the choice, than he threw up everything, friends, influence, wealth, office, and hastened away to bury himself in a cloister. For a time he remained with a reformed branch of the Benedictines at Solesmes. But he sighed after greater solitude and more complete retirement, and by the advice of Séguin, the celebrated abbot of Chaise Dieu, he started with six companions for Grenoble. At the very moment that he entered the town with his companions, the holy Bishop St. Hugh of Grenoble dreamed that he saw seven stars fall at his feet, and then arise and cross the mountains till they settled in the wild country known as Chartreuse, or Chartrouse. He then observed a house arise, built by angelic hands, and on the roof of it, when built, these seven mysterious stars took up their abode. While the bishop was pondering over his dream, in came St. Bruno and his disciples, in whom he at once recognized the seven stars, and was able to direct them to the abode for which God destined them.

We must leave the life of St. Bruno to notice the characteristic of his action in refusing the bishopric and going off to live what the world would call a useless life of selfish contemplation in the wild Chartreuse. It seems indeed strange that when he would have been so eminently suited to steer the bark of the church of Rheims through its threatening difficulties, he relinquished a post to which it appeared to human eye as if God was most distinctly calling him. To leave such a sphere of usefulness for an unknown future seemed like a delusion; it seemed almost to be running in the teeth not only of common sense, but of the manifest guidance of Almighty God. Yet Bruno hesitated not, wavered not. God called him, and that was enough. He broke not only with the world, but with what the world would call ordinary prudence. His action was opposed to all that is comprised under the name of utilitarianism. It was the folly of the cross under the strange form of running counter to what ordinary men, and even good men, would call ordinary common sense.

It is the same spirit which appears to us to be characteristic of the Carthusian order—a noble and a supernatural disregard of most worldly wisdom and worldly policy, a disregard of that spirit of utility which governs the modern world, and of which the science of political economy is the typical representative, a disregard of the spirit that asks on every occasion,

*Will it pay?* of the spirit which animates modern commerce, of the spirit which can understand the usefulness of active orders, but despises those who live a solitary and contemplative life, of the spirit which refuses to accept the employment of the saints and angels in Heaven as described in Holy Scripture, as the highest which man can conceive, and joins with Mr. Harrison in regarding "a monotonous round of ceaseless psalmody" as a very unattractive occupation for eternity.

We must examine the Carthusian rule a little more in detail in order to realize its central idea. No one who studies their rule can deny that the end that the Carthusian sets before himself is to reproduce as nearly as possible in his daily life the life of the blessed in heaven. This, it is true, may be said to be the aim of every order; but the orders which are strictly mendicant, or which set before themselves the conversion of others, or give themselves to penance and mortification, cannot do so in the same way that the Carthusians do. The double life of the angels as always present before the throne of God and yet always ministering to men, is represented by this double aspect of religious life. It is the life of divine contemplation which God has chosen for the Carthusians. Any other element is non-essential to them. If they are students or authors, preachers or confessors, it is rather as a by-work than as in any way their principal aim. The one end that they set before themselves is to reproduce in their manner of life the manner of life of the angels *as inhabitants of Heaven*. Hence we have the following points coming out prominent:—

1. The Carthusian life is a life of *solitude*. To be alone with God, to think only of God, to concentrate all the forces of the soul on the knowledge of God. Not only to find God everywhere, but so to arrange their life as to shut out every obstacle to the conscious realization of the presence of God, continually to fix their thoughts on God, and to surround themselves with everything that helps to this, to efface the remembrance of the world, that God may occupy all the powers of the soul. Here is the centre of the life of St. Bruno's children. The solitude at which they aim is, we may say, the solitude of God himself, a solitude which seeks to make holy thoughts and desires its continual occupation, as God in his divine solitude occupies himself in the activity of intellect and will.

But is there solitude in Heaven? Yes,

because to all the innumerable multitude there the end of their existence is to be alone with God. This constitutes their essential happiness and joy. If all the rest of the inhabitants of Heaven could cease to exist and one alone remain, he would be none the less happy so long as he possessed God. Accidental happiness indeed he would lose, but this is as nothing compared with that which is essential; the joy of the society of all the saints and angels, nay, of our Blessed Lady herself, is as nothing compared with the joy of contemplating God. This is why the Carthusian life is above all a life of solitude.

2. But it is not a hermit's life. Its solitude is like the solitude of Heaven, a solitude which is compatible with a life in community, nay, community life is essential to it, since the submission of perfect obedience needs, as long as we are mortal men, the presence of an external rule and of superiors to whose will our own must bend. In Heaven this submission needs no practice and requires no further perfection. It is not to teach the angels obedience that one hierarchy is subject to another, though even they had to learn submission before they were confirmed in grace and admitted to the beatific vision. But here on earth obedience to some external authority to which our will must bend is a necessary element of perfection for all except those very few who are called to an eremitical life. It was this union of solitude and society which attracted St. Hugh of Lincoln to that order. During a visit he paid to the Grande Chartreuse he carefully watched the life of its inmates. The place itself had charms for him, but its inhabitants, says his biographer, pleased him still more. He observed in them a mortification of the flesh united to a continual cheerfulness and freedom of spirit, a continual gaiety and behavior that was irreproachable. Their statutes recommend, not singularity but solitude, their cells are separate but their hearts united, each lives by himself but does nothing of himself, has nothing of his own, all live in isolation and yet each acts as the community. All are alone and so avoid the inconveniences and dangers of society, yet there is sufficient of common life not to be deprived of the advantages and consolation which are procured by the society of one's brethren. All this, and chiefly the bridle and check of obedience which are a source of security wanting to hermits, who are thereby exposed to many temptations, charmed St. Hugh and

made him desire to embrace the Carthusian rule.\*

3. After the distinguishing feature of solitude and community life combined, the elaborate singing of the divine praises is another essential characteristic of the Carthusian rule. Out of the twenty-four hours the saying and singing of the office occupies some six or seven. They not only sing the office of the day but the office of our Lady as well, and on ferial days the office of the dead. The office of our Lady is said in the cell, the office for the day and the office of the dead are sung in the church. Seven hours in all of divine praises! What would Mr. Harrison say to this? He would tell us that it is a commencement on earth of the "monotonous round of ceaseless psalmody" which he dreads in Heaven. But ask those who have tasted the sweetness of this anticipation of the chief employment of the saints before the throne of God. Ask St. Bruno, or St. Hugh, or Blessed John Houghton, the martyred prior of the Charterhouse, and they will tell you that those long hours of the divine office were to them short and sweet — only too short for the fervor of their devotion and sweet with a sweetness surpassing all the sweetness of earth's delights.

4. But we shall best recognize the characteristics of Carthusian sanctity by following one of them throughout the routine of his day. At 5.30 he rises and begins the day by saying prime of the day and tierce of our Lady. Then he pays a visit to the blessed sacrament. At 7 the conventual mass is sung in the church, at which the whole community is present. And here we notice that the mass is in many respects varied from the Roman rite. The priest begins by saying the *Confiteor*, not in front of the altar, but at the side; in saying the prayers, instead of extending his hands, he clasps them together and rests them on the altar. The subdeacon has nothing to do except to sing the epistle. The deacon does not wear a dalmatic, but a cowl used on this occasion only. The canon of the mass is said by the priest with his arms extended. Except at the consecration he does not genuflect but makes a profound bow instead. At the end of mass, after unvesting, he lies down on his side to make his thanksgiving, instead of kneeling as other priests. The whole rite is as nearly as possible the

Grenoble rite in St. Bruno's time, with some ceremonies introduced from Cluny. It is essentially conservative, and hence approaches nearer to the Oriental rite than does the Roman in its present form.

But to return to the occupations of the Carthusian's day. When the conventual mass is over, the various priests say their own masses in various private chapels, all saying it as far as is possible at the same hour, the Carthusian monastery being consequently provided with a sufficient number of chapels to allow of this simultaneous offering of the holy sacrifice by all the priests of the community. After mass and thanksgiving, all make half an hour's meditation in their cells, and spiritual reading until ten o'clock, the hour when sext is said and the spiritual exercises of the morning are concluded, so far as there can be said to be any conclusion to the spiritual exercises of a Carthusian. But breakfast? No mention has been made of the hour when the early-rising Carthusians satisfy the cravings of a hunger whetted by the keen morning air, and the singing, not only of the conventual mass and prime and tierce, but of the long night office, of which we shall have to speak presently. When is it that the fast is broken and the body refreshed by the morning refectory? Ah! gentle reader, for a Carthusian breakfast is a *non ens*, a thing which has no existence, unless indeed you choose to call the meal he takes about the middle of the day (or what is the middle of the day to him) by the name which it certainly deserves, if etymology is to be our guide, since it literally breaks the fast of every member of the community. But if we allow him a breakfast there is no dinner. This meal, taken either at ten or eleven, is his chief meal of the day — and for the greater part of the year his only meal, since during the long fasts, which extend over some seven months, supper he has none, save a lump of bread. Even on joyful days his supper scarce deserves the name; a small omelette, or a little fish, some fruit, and a glass of beer, is all that is comprised in the evening meal even on feasts. This one meal in the middle of the day (breakfast or dinner as you choose) is all that the Carthusian stomach can count upon as the means of its support. Look at it as it stands on the turn-about shelf in the outer cell, whither it has been carried straight from the kitchen. It is simple enough, but good, wholesome, and nourishing. There are three dishes, beside a basin of soup, and they are placed in a vessel something like a very deep

\* *Magna Vita S. Hugonis*, i. 7, quoted in *La Grande Chartreuse*, par un Chartreux, pp. 345, 346, from which much of our information respecting the Carthusians is derived.

saucepan, with a number of layers in which are placed its various component parts. Let us profanely lift the lid and examine what each layer contains. Down at the bottom is a basin of vegetable soup — pea soup it happens to be to-day — then over that a couple of poached eggs, next a bit of fish, two small red mullets to wit, lying side by side, and at the top one of those round open fruit tarts, such as we may be familiar with in the shops of the Grande Rue of Dieppe, or on the buffet of many a French railway station. Add to this a salad placed in a separate dish, a good hunk of light plain wholesome bread, and two small bottles of rather small beer, and there is the whole of the *cuisine* supplied by the good refectorian for the day. The two bottles of beer, note you, are not both to be taken at dinner — that would be quite in excess of Carthusian abstemiousness — one of them is for dinner, the other for the light refectation (too light, alas, in fasting time!) which goes by the name of supper. Note you, moreover, that this small beer is the one and only beverage of the inmates of the Chartreuse — no tea, no coffee, these almost necessary adjuncts of modern civilization are not for a Carthusian monk. For their guests coffee worthy of a French *artiste*, and tea which would delight the palate of the English matron, but for the poor monks beer, wholesome indeed and palatable, but nevertheless distinctly small, from the first day of January to the last day of December.

But is it a day of abstinence on which we have been examining into Carthusian fare? All is *maigre* — soup, solids, everything. Is meat never allowed? Here is another distinctive mark of the Chartreuse. By a law unbending as that of the Medes and Persians, by a rule which allows of no exception, no Carthusian monk can taste flesh meat from the day he joins the order to the day of his death — nay, within the walls of the monastery no meat can be tasted, and the generous hospitality extended to the stranger stops short of this — that under no possible circumstances can any kind of flesh meat be given him within its walls. Eggs, fish, fruit, wine, in all abundance, but of the flesh of four-footed or winged things not a morsel. But what of the case of sickness? Here, doubtless, there is an exception made. If the physician declares meat to be necessary to health, surely leave is given to the sick man for as long a time as it is declared indispensable. Not a bit of it. The rule is absolute. He may have any-

thing else, but no meat, not even a table-spoonful of beef tea may pass his lips under the severest pains and penalties. If it should be a case of life and death, if the medical opinion should be that the patient cannot pull through his sickness without the nourishment of flesh diet, not even then is it allowed. In such a case indeed the monk may, if not solemnly professed, be dispensed from his vows, and where life was at stake the dispensation would be granted by ecclesiastical superiors without any difficulty whatsoever, but as long as the Carthusian monk remains a Carthusian monk, so long must he abide by the rule which the Carthusian poet expresses in the line, —

Carnis in æternum cuncti prohibentur ab esu.

The prohibition existed as a custom from the first, but in the year 1244 was solemnly enacted in the general chapter as a law, to any breach of which was attached for many years the penalty of immediate expulsion from the order,\* and though at the present day the penalty of infringement is mitigated, the law is no less strict, and is most strictly and exactly observed in every Carthusian monastery throughout the world.

Do the monks suffer in health or strength from this regulation? Not the least; for such a life as theirs flesh meat is unnecessary and often harmful. They live to a good old age. They are free from many a malady which arises from the use of flesh meat. They arise to their midnight office with a freshness which would be impossible if it were not for their wholesome abstinence.

But enough of the Carthusian diet. We will now turn to their habitations. As we take a bird's-eye view of the monastery from the tall church tower which forms its centre and its chief ornament, we notice all around the spacious cloisters those little houses we have already described from outside, little houses, all separate from each other, opening out into the cloister by a little door for each, and on the opposite side backed by a wall, the lower part of which forms the exterior wall that runs round the cloister. Each of these little houses contains a garden, a covered ambulatory or little cloister of its own, and four rooms. Of the two rooms on the ground floor one is a store-room, where there is laid up a heap of wood and faggots for fuel and to provide

\* Bullarium Carth. fol. 48, n. 134, quoted in La Grande Chartreuse, p. 350.



manual labor to the inmate. The other is a workshop, with a turning-lathe, and sometimes materials for carving, carpentry, the casting of statues, or other pious handicraft. The two rooms up-stairs are an anteroom, where an *Ave Maria* has to be said before a statue of our Lady as often as the inmate enters his domicile, and where he has to receive any of his fellows who may come to him on business from his superiors. The inner room is the ordinary living-room. One part is occupied by a *prie-dieu* for prayer and religious exercises; a table in another corner serves for study and for meals; while the simple chintz curtains hide from sight the simplest, not to say the hardest, of beds. Here it is that the main part of the Carthusian's life is spent. Save when he goes to the church for divine office, and when (as on Sundays and some of the greater feasts) the meals are taken in common in the refectory, it is in this little house alone and apart from all the world beside, that he spends his silent, solitary life.

But is the life quite silent and solitary? We have already said that the solitude is mingled with community life. Even the silence, strict as it is, has some mitigation. Whenever dinner is taken in the refectory, it is followed by two hours' recreation, and then the tongues may wag as fast as they please. In addition to this there is a walk once a week in the country round the monastery, and on this occasion also talking is not only permitted but enjoined. The rule at other times does not bind with the strictness of an absolute prohibition, and the monks are instructed during silence time to ask for what is necessary not by signs, but with the tongues with which God has provided them.

We have wandered away, not undesignedly, from our account of a Carthusian day. We left our monk, after sext had been said, at his breakfast about 11 A.M. After this he has some three hours or more for study and manual labor. The manual labor of the Carthusian is not intended as a penance. They have not to work in the fields like the Trappists. Their work is intended as a relaxation for the spirit, as a means of rendering them more able to recite the divine office with fervor and recollection. Hence it is to be varied according to the strength of the individual. Some wield the axe, others the saw, others occupy themselves with the cultivation of their gardens, as they find most profitable to the service and praise of God, which constitutes the main

feature of their life. Part of this time, moreover, is to be given to study, for study is another important feature of their life. Study has always been held in high esteem by the order, though not its chief occupation. Not all study, however, but the study of Holy Scripture, of dogmatic, of moral, and, above all, of ascetic theology. No profane studies are permitted in the order. In the time of the Renaissance, an attempt was made to introduce the study of Greek. Some Carthusian fellow countrymen of Erasmus became possessed of the idea that no one could get at the true meaning of Holy Scripture unless he understood Greek. Not so thought the General Chapter of 1543, in which these ambitious religious received a serious rebuke. "These men," it said, "forget the holy simplicity suitable to those who are no longer of the world. The time given them to spend on reading works of piety is employed in satisfying a vain curiosity in giving themselves to the study of Greek. We exhort all our religious in the Lord to remember the motives which led them to enter the order. May they never forsake Carthusian simplicity!"

Yet it was no want of appreciation of true culture that led the chapter to write thus, but with them culture must be, not for culture's sake, but for God's. "Oh, my God," cries Denis the Carthusian, "I thank thee in these last years of my life for having made me enter so young the order in which by thy grace I have lived for forty-six years, and during all that time — blessed be thy name! — I have always been constant at study." One of the motives which drew St. Hugh of Lincoln to the order was the opportunity of peaceful study, and the exceeding rich supply of literature (*prædiles librorum abundantia*) that was there at his disposal, with full time to read, and an undisturbed peace which would render study easy and pleasant.

He who visits our English Chartreuse will understand St. Hugh's enthusiasm. The library is the noblest room in the whole building. It is constructed to hold over twenty thousand books, and is already more than half full. All the modern books worth having on theology, philosophy, ecclesiastical history, are added to its shelves. Most of the standard authors of mediæval and later times, Carthusian, Dominican, Benedictine, Jesuit, Secular, will be found there. Even in its present incompleteness it would not be easy to find a religious house in England with a

library more complete. And as to the college libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, hide your heads, O degenerate successors of the learned monks of old, and see how the spirit of true learning, that was driven forth from Oxford in the days of Somerset the Protector, when Aquinas served as a bonfire and Scotus was torn to pieces in the quadrangle of New College, has found a congenial shelter amid those Obscurantist monks who have cherished the traditions of culture that you despised.

We left our Carthusian studying or working with his hands, or spending his time in pious meditation, pacing to and fro in his little cloister, or walking in his garden. The time passes pleasantly enough, and he is almost startled when the deep tones of the big bell announce to him that 2.30 P.M., the hour for saying the vespers of our Lady, has arrived. We say startled, because we need scarcely remind our readers that watch or clock (even of American cheapness) is no part of the furniture of the Carthusian cell. He is indeed a standing protest against our ever-increasing dependence on modern inventions—he continually reminds us that these little conveniences with which we have surrounded ourselves may be dispensed with without any serious loss of time, and not without some compensating gain of quiet, peaceful tranquillity. For tranquillity favors solid learning and artistic culture far more than our hurried life of railroads and telegraphs, and rushing to and fro, and *omnium gatherum* information, and school boards, and penny newspapers, and science lectures for the people, on all of which we pride ourselves as heralds of a civilization whereby the modern Babylon is to eclipse the ancient Jerusalem, city of peace.

Our Lady's vespers ended at 2.45, the big bell sounds again, and the community assemble in the church, where vespers of the day are sung, and on ordinary days the office of the dead immediately follows. This lasts till about four o'clock, and after it the monks retire to their cells for their evening meal, if meal it can be called, which for more than half the year consists of nought save a piece of bread. Supper ended, two hours are spent in study, spiritual reading, and private prayer, at the discretion of individual devotion. For purposely throughout the day a gap is left in the prescribed duties that each may have times for private prayer and spiritual reading and meditation other than those which are imposed by custom or by rule.

With one or other of these he occupies himself till 6.30.

But what happens at 6.30? You will scarcely believe it, gentle reader, but these good religious are so out of gear with the glories of modern civilization, that at the very hour when you are still driving in the park or sipping your afternoon tea, the good Carthusian is retiring to rest. At the very hour that you are beginning what you regard as the serious business of the day, his day is well-nigh over; at the very hour that you are preparing to dress for dinner, he is already lying down in rough habit for his brief repose; at the very hour that you are daintily sitting down to dinner in your evening dress, he is already sleeping soundly on his palliasse of straw; and he sleeps on while one course succeeds another till the *menu* is exhausted, and still he sleeps while you linger over your cigarette and glass of claret, and just about the time that you betake yourself to the drawing room, or are already whiling away an hour there before some further amusement begins, he is rousing himself from his first sleep to intercede with Almighty God for the sins and follies that are committed in all our centres of modern civilization each night of the livelong year between eleven at night and the first cock-crowing in the morning.

For between 10 and 11 P.M. the whole community arise and in their cells recite, each at his *prie-dieu*, the matins and lauds of the little office of our Lady. At 11.45 the bell once more sounds aloud and calls them one and all to the church, where together they sing the matins and lauds of the canonical office. Each brings with him his own little lantern, and from it he lights a larger lamp, wherewith to follow his breviary and take his part in the office. Otherwise all is dark. No coronas of flaring gas light up the sacred obscurity of the midnight office—not a candle to throw its light upon the scene—nothing but the sub-lustral glimmer of the shaded lamps held by the assembled monks, as their mingled song rises up with a strange charm and weird solemnity amid the darkness. Very beautiful that song is—a sort of plain chant with certain variations of its own—very like the ordinary Gregorian, but yet with the Carthusian stamp upon it; the same as was sung, note for note, in the days of St. Bruno, handed down with the traditional conservatism of their order from then till now.

The canonical office finished, on all days, save certain feasts and vigils, the

office of the dead follows. It is two o'clock or past before the *Benedictus* is sung and the last collect said and the night office finished. In the singing of the divine praises three long hours have been spent — no, not long, save to those who go to watch and listen, and have not a vocation to the life of which they are so essential a part. But human nature needs repose, and these three hours of psalmody have at least whetted the appetite for sleep. A little after two the monks retire for their second nocturn, if we may so call this second half of their broken time of repose. It is broken indeed, for a little after five they are once more roused to their devotions, and begin a second day with the echoes of the psalmody of the preceding night still ringing in their ears.

After our glance over the Carthusian's day — or, to speak more correctly, over day and night consecrated alike to the service and praise of God — we are able to form a better notion of the Carthusian spirit. It is essentially and above all an unworldly spirit. It is more; it is an anti-worldly spirit. Its motto is, "The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world." Its opposition to the world is, moreover, an opposition peculiar to itself. It does not fight the world as do the active orders. It lives apart from it. It shows its utter contempt for it. It rejoices to run counter to it, and to neglect its maxims, to show its complete independence of it, of its pleasures, amusements, festivities, its manner of life, its laws, its customs, its novelties, its inventions, its wonderful discoveries, its press, its public opinion, and everything in fact which goes to make up the ordinary life of the man of the world. What he loves, the Carthusian hates. His whole existence is the reverse of the Carthusian's. For his love of society, we have the Carthusian's silence; for his independence, the Carthusian's obedience. When he is retiring to rest, the Carthusian is rising. When he is in the midst of the evening's gaiety, the Carthusian is rising to sing the praises of God. When he is getting up in the morning, the Carthusian's day is well-nigh half done.

What would a man of business, judging according to the economy of the world, say to the arrangements of the monastery? What a waste of space in that long line of detached houses, each with its four rooms and its little ambulatory! in those unused cloisters, in that huge quadrangle which no foot ever crosses! What a waste of time to sing the same psalms over and over again, often three times for the three

different offices! What ridiculous old-world customs! So wasteful too. One good gas jet would be more practically useful than all those smoky little lanterns. Above all, what more narrow and stupid than to make the abstinence from flesh meat so unbending a rule that they would sooner die than eat it, even at a physician's command? The whole cast, moreover, of the life — its solitude, its manual works, so unfit for educated men, its interminable offices, its breaking up of the night into two — what more utterly at variance with ordinary ideas of prudence and common sense?

To all this the Carthusian answers, *Mihi mundus crucifixus est et ego mundo*. The world is crucified to me, and therefore I naturally turn my back upon it. I am crucified to the world, and no wonder therefore that it should be my enemy, as it was the enemy of my Lord. If the folly of the world is wisdom with God, what else can I expect than that all the customs, ordinances, and practices of the Carthusian rule should be regarded with supreme contempt by the critic whose standard is the collective judgment of modern society?

Yet after all we are perhaps unfair on modern Englishmen if we imply that they have a contempt for the Carthusians. To the vast majority, even of educated Englishmen, the life of the Carthusians is a sealed book. It is an unknown mysterious land, which rather attracts than repels, simply because it is unknown, and so rouses their curiosity. Even of those who visit the Chartreuse of St. Hugh, how few come away any the wiser! On those who have any sort of cultivation in them the grandeur and magnificence of the place must necessarily make an impression. Those who have any spirit of religion cannot help being awed by the atmosphere of sanctity which hangs about it. From time to time the good prior has been astonished by the sight of Protestant visitors, Anglican clergymen and others, throwing themselves on their knees and begging his blessing with the tears running down their cheeks, unable to resist the holy influence around them. "Truly God was in this place, and I knew it not."

But if the Carthusian cloister is an unknown mysterious world to English men, how much more to English women! Men at least can visit it, but none of the pious female sex can ever set foot within its walls without the express permission of the pope himself. One exception alone there is. The sovereign of

the country has by custom a right to entrance into all Carthusian monasteries and convents within her dominions. If the queen of England were to come and knock at the door of the Chartreuse of St. Hugh (and please God perhaps some day she may), she would be admitted as of right and without any difficulty. Not so at the Grande Chartreuse of France; for her visit there the pope's permit was needed, as it would have been for the visit of any other lady. It is only within the actual dominions of a queen that she enjoys the privilege of which we speak. §

We regret that our space allows us to say only a word of the second cause that has made us more familiar of late with the good Carthusians — the beatification of Prior Houghton and the other Carthusians who laid down their lives for the faith under Henry the Eighth. Very beautiful is the account given by contemporary writers of the strict observance and perfect discipline of the London Charterhouse in the early part of the sixteenth century; very touching the portrait of the virtues, the charity, the humility of their holy prior; very painful the story of the efforts of the tyrant and his creatures to force the monks into submission; very consoling the noble constancy even to death of the prior and a large part of the community; very heartrending the account of the agonizing torments to which they were subjected at their execution. We hope that in a future number we may be able to give some details of this glorious episode in the history of the order. In this present article our object has been to place before our readers a short sketch of our English Chartreuse, which has risen

up from the blood of the Carthusian martyrs who suffered just three hundred and fifty years ago. Some seven years ago the foundation stone of this new Charterhouse was laid; three years since it was solemnly blessed by the bishop of the diocese. Now it has taken firm root, and it lives, and please God will ever live, in the midst of Protestant England till, through God's mercy, England shall be Protestant no longer. May God grant to many young English Catholics a vocation to the glorious order of St. Hugh, and that this modern Charterhouse may surpass in sanctity of life even the Charterhouse of mediæval days!

R. F. C.

From Good Words.

#### MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

It is not a pleasant thing to have the gout, nor is it a creditable thing to overeat yourself; but since, unfortunately, a very considerable number of persons both have the one and do the other, society at large ought to be thankful for the existence of Homburg. Dismal indeed would be the lot of those who should find themselves reduced to choose between Bath and Buxton as a *locus penitentia*. Now Homburg in the month of August is by no means a dismal place. The light air, the bright sunshine, the early hours, the excellent bands which begin to tune up while the dew is still on the grass and sound their last note only at bedtime, the host of friends whom everybody is sure to fall in with in the neighborhood of the Elisabethan spring — all these combine to render life at that gay little watering-place a cheerful, innocent, and invigorating sort of business for all such as the beneficent action of the waters does not cause to lie down upon the flat of their backs and howl aloud.

But indeed if Homburg had been as dull, as empty, and as enervating as London at the same season, not the less would it have appeared of all spots upon the earth's surface the most desirable to Brian Segrave. Little did he, who knew not the meaning of the word gout, care about the curative properties of climate or *Brunnen*; little did it matter to him whether or not the broad alleys of the gardens and the terraces in front of the Cursaal

\* There appeared in several of the English papers an account of the queen's visit to the Grande Chartreuse, purporting to be written by an English Carthusian, and which contained a number of inaccuracies and misstatements. We can assure our readers that no inmate of the only Carthusian monastery in England was responsible for the newspaper account of the visit. It was there stated that the queen had a right to enter as queen, which was false. It was also asserted that after a long visit of courtesy to one of the cells, her Majesty received from the inmate a beautiful little silver crucifix as a keepsake. Unfortunately for the story, no Carthusian in the world possesses a silver crucifix in his cell, as it is against the rule to have anything of silver. He would, moreover, have sinned against his vow of poverty in giving away the property of the monastery. The real facts of the queen's visit were these. It is true that she visited one of the monks in his cell, a young Englishman, nephew to a well-known London priest, and spent some time in friendly converse with him. After she had left she sent him in memory of the visit a handsome silver cross. Though brought to him by the queen's command, of course he could not keep it. But before returning it to his prior he wittily wrote on the back the following inscription: *Regina dedit; Regula abstulit; sit Nomen Domini Benedictum. Amen.*

were thronged daily by an assemblage of British peers, members of Parliament, and other celebrities, with here and there an affable Royal Highness or Serenity amongst them; to him there was but one person in Homburg whose presence was of the very smallest importance; and a great joy it was to him to discover—as he did on the first occasion of his meeting with her—that this was not the Miss Huntley of Park Lane who was holding out her hand to him, but the Beatrice Huntley of Kingscliff whose frank good-fellowship had made him feel at ease and happy in her company before ever he had committed the folly of falling in love with her. The difference was perhaps more perceptible to him now than it had been in London. Assuredly she had not shown any lack of friendship to him then; only he had had a sense of distance from her—social inferiority would be rather too strong an expression—which had not been the less real for being difficult of definition, and which, in some undefinable fashion, troubled him no longer in this clearer atmosphere.

In any case, she seemed bent upon dismissing Park Lane and all its associations from her memory for the time being. "I am out for a holiday and I want to enjoy it," was almost the first thing that she said. "Suppose we agree that during the next three weeks we will treat England as a mere geographical expression?"

"I am prepared to treat everything and everybody exactly as you think best," Brian replied.

She raised her eyebrows and smiled. "Really? Then I will tell you just what you shall do, so that there may be no mistake. Every morning at half past seven, or a quarter to eight at latest, you will meet us at the Elisabethan Brunnen and trudge up and down, up and down with us, while we drink our prescribed number of glasses and the band plays, until you are ready to drop. Perhaps I shall introduce you to one or two fellow-sufferers, and if I do, you must treat them civilly. Some liberty ought to be allowed to you with regard to your treatment of yourself; so you needn't drink the waters if you don't think they would be good for you. Well, then you will go home to breakfast, and you can rest or compose operas or do what you like until the middle of the day, when you will meet us again at the Cur-saal and join us in a nondescript sort of meal. In the afternoon we shall stroll down to the lawn-tennis ground—by the way, I hope you have brought flannels and

a racket with you—and if it isn't too hot and there are some nice people there, we shall play. Otherwise, we shall look on and listen to the old fogeys talking scandal. I hate driving; but sometimes you will be taken out for a drive, as a small concession to Miss Joy, who adores it. Then will come dinner, and then the band again, and at about ten o'clock you will be sent off home to bed. You can write *D. C. ad lib.* at the end of that programme. How do you like the prospect?"

Well, he liked the prospect very much, and he liked the fulfilment of it still better. He too was out for a holiday; he too was resolved to banish melancholy thoughts and misgivings from his mind, if he could; and, as it turned out, he found this quite easy. When every hour of the day is filled up, when one has to rise the moment after waking, and when one goes to bed, pleasantly tired out, at night, little leisure remains for self-tortment. That marching to and fro in the crisp air of the early morning was far from being the pain and grief to him that it is to persons of a less robust physique; the friends with whom Beatrice stopped every now and again to exchange a few words, and to some of whom she presented him, were people of agreeable, easy manners and of an outward appearance pleasing to the eye. They represented London society; but they seemed to Brian to represent it in an infinitely more attractive way there than at home; so true is it that the results of observation depend chiefly upon the observer. Moreover, the complete novelty of everything was in itself enough to satisfy a man who had never been out of England before, while the amusements enumerated by Miss Huntley served as well as any others to bring about the one end that he desired, which was to be always near her.

But what was best of all was that Miss Joy, who was going through a systematic course of the waters, and who, as she pathetically declared, was losing weight every minute, could not possibly go through the amount of exercise which two young people in perfect health thought nothing of. Besides, she had to absent herself for a certain time every afternoon in order to take a bath. Hence it came about that there were occasional long talks among the more secluded paths of the woods—talks in which not a word was said about Stapleford or the future member for the Kingscliff division or any other of those persons and topics which had been tabooed by a tacit agreement, but in which



generalities were discussed after a fashion which rendered the mention of names wholly superfluous. And in these conversations there were always two things by which Brian was impressed: firstly, his companion's indecision with regard to her future course (for it was evident that more than one plan was fermenting in her mind); and secondly, her submissive and even admiring way of listening to his own humble views of life and duty, which, to be sure, were of a fascinatingly simple character.

"You are like Mr. Monckton," she said once; "you only see two sides to everything, a right and a wrong one, and you have no more difficulty in telling which to choose than you would have in distinguishing between A and B. I suppose, if everybody resembled you, the millennium might begin without further loss of time."

Sometimes, however, she was a little less complimentary, and seemed as if she were seeking to excuse herself. "After all," she would urge, "it isn't every point that can be reached by making straight for it as the crow flies. Supposing, for example, that you were the prime minister and had to come to a definite conclusion of some kind about the Eastern question and the Irish question and all the other puzzles. You wouldn't find it help you very far on your way to be perfectly sound as to first principles. First of all, you would have to make up your mind what ought to be done, then you would have to discover how much of it came within the range of practical politics; after which, I suppose, you would have to set to work to cudgel or cajole others into taking the right direction. And do you imagine that you would ever get through that business without persuading yourself that the end justifies the means?"

If, as would occasionally happen, the discussion took too much of a personal turn, both parties to it were ready, and even anxious, to change the subject. One of them, at all events, was nervously alive to the danger of quitting the safe ground of abstract debate. He felt that the footing upon which he now stood with Beatrice could hardly be altered for the better, though it might easily enough be altered for the worse. Whether she divined his love for her or not he was quite uncertain; but, supposing that she did, that would surely not tell against him, seeing that he was so very careful to avoid hinting at its existence.

But, of course, this happy state of things,

this ignoring of patent facts and resolution to live only in the present, could not last very long. It lasted, in fact, for the space of one week; at the end of which time the list of arrivals included that of "Lord Stapleford, *mit Familie und Begleitung*," at the Hotel Victoria. The last words were probably added for the sake of euphony, Stapleford, as we know, being as yet unprovided with a family, while his *Begleitung* was confined to a modest unit; but as regarded the principal figure, the announcement was but too accurate; and perhaps the only person who derived any pleasure from the perusal of it was Miss Joy.

That disinterested, but slightly obtuse lady did not fail to express her satisfaction to Brian when, for the first time since their interview in London, she obtained speech of him in private. This was at the springs on the morning after Stapleford's arrival; and as Miss Joy ambled along the alley beside him, murmuring complacently that all would be well now, that it was high time to have done with hesitation, and so forth, Brian could see Stapleford's back and Beatrice's moving across the alternate bands of shadow and sunshine a few yards ahead. He tried not to be jealous; he tried not to feel as if he had been abruptly dismissed; he even tried to think that the very well-dressed, good-humored, and conventional young man who had relieved him of his daily spell of escort duty was a fit and proper person to become Beatrice Huntley's husband; and he was about as successful in this last attempt as in the other two. Nevertheless, he was sufficiently master of himself to conceal his feelings; nor, indeed, was he subjected in the sequel to any such trying ordeal as during that first hour had seemed to be in store for him. For it speedily became manifest that Beatrice did not wish to be left alone with her cousin. Stapleford's manœuvres, ably seconded by those of Miss Joy, proved totally unavailing to draw her away from the phalanx of friends with which she now chose to surround herself, and if at any time she had a fancy to leave the beaten track for ten minutes or so, it was invariably Brian who was requested to bear her company. However, her whole manner had once more undergone a complete change, so that there was little comfort to be got out of those brief and rare audiences.

"One should endeavor to avoid incongruity," she said one day, when, not without some prickings of conscience, he

ventured to suggest that they might wander a little deeper into the woods. "Homburg really isn't the place for pastorals and idyls; make an effort, and bring yourself more into harmony with local color. I have arranged that you and Stapleford are to play a lawn-tennis match this afternoon against two men who he says are very strong, and in the evening we are going to have quite a large dinner at the Cursaal — no less than eight of us."

"The programme is altered, then?" said Brian interrogatively.

"The programme is altered," she replied. "So are the circumstances."

That was indisputable; and although the alteration might not be entirely welcome, yet he had known all along that it must come in the end. Moreover, during the next week or ten days he could not help enjoying himself, notwithstanding the dark clouds that obscured his horizon. Stapleford struck up a friendship with him; he became more or less intimate with the other young men who were at Homburg for reasons which apparently were in no way connected with ill-health; his leisure was fully occupied by games of lawn tennis in the sunny afternoons, by cheery little dinners at the various hotels and restaurants, by strolls through the illuminated gardens after dark, to a musical accompaniment. The really happy portion of his holiday was over, but this epilogue was not devoid of charm. Only, as time went on, he became more and more sensible of an uneasy feeling about Beatrice, whose behavior caused him some perplexity, and also some distress. He would have been glad if she had rejected Stapleford; he would not have been altogether sorry if she had seen her way to accept him (for, indeed, the young man deserved every word that Miss Joy had said in his favor); but it seemed rather unfair, and even unworthy, to encourage him and hold him off at one and the same time; and this was evidently what Beatrice wanted to do.

Now, Stapleford, who had the patience of Job and a supply of good-nature so inexhaustible that he himself might have been cited as offering a personification of that quality, was not a born fool, and consequently allowed it to be seen, in the long run, that he did not intend to be trifled with for ever. "I understand the fun of playing a fish; but really I can't see any sport in keeping him on the hook after a baby in arms might land him," he said once to Miss Joy, who duly reported this remark in the proper quarter.

The effect of it was to bring down upon him such a shower of snubs and cutting little speeches as must have driven him, if he had had a spark of spirit left, to show that a fish, as long as he remains in the water, is a free fish still; and since he responded but feebly to the stimulus, Miss Huntley took another way with him, and tried to scare him off by drawing perpetual comparisons between him and Brian Segrave, as well as by conspicuously increasing her marks of favor towards the latter. Thus she obtained, it is true, the respite which she probably desired; but it was at the expense of offending both her lovers; for Brian was surprised and hurt at being made use of as a stalking-horse.

So this odd and rather absurd contest went on until a trivial incident brought it to a climax. One evening they were all returning by train, after dining and witnessing a display of fireworks in the Thiergarten at Frankfurt. The excursion had not been a pleasant one for Stapleford, who throughout it had been trying ineffectually, and somewhat too persistently, to lead his cousin away from the others; it had not been pleasant for Brian, through whose unwilling instrumentality his efforts had been baffled; and when they reached the Homburg station Beatrice, with an undisguised yawn, declared that it had not been pleasant for her either.

"The three F's," she remarked, as she rose to leave the railway carriage; "Frankfurt, Fireworks, and Fatigue — and a little one thrown in for fiasco. This experience shall not be repeated."

"Why stop there?" asked Stapleford; for his endurance had been subjected to a prolonged strain; "why not add fools?"

"I don't see any occasion to use the plural number," she rejoined.

She had her back turned towards him, and was in the act of descending from the carriage, so that there was no great harm in his relieving his feelings by a smothered ejaculation and a stamp; but certainly it was unlucky for him that he chose the tail of her gown to stamp upon. If Brian, who had already got out, had not extended his long arms and caught her, she must infallibly have fallen headlong upon the platform. She turned round with that look of deadly ire which will come over the features of the best of women under such provocation.

"Another F," she observed calmly; "a big one this time, since it stands for your foot."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Stapleford; "I seem to be destined to put my foot in it to-day."

"You do," she agreed, with marked emphasis; "and it seems to be Mr. Segrave's destiny to protect me from the consequences. But for him, I should probably be now lying on a stretcher, with my nose and all my front teeth broken."

Now, a little exasperation might very well have been pardoned, under the circumstances, nor was this rebuke at all more severe than many others which Stapleford had laughed off; but perhaps it came upon him as the last straw. Anyhow, he looked very gloomy and savage over it; and after the ladies had been put into their carriage and driven away, Brian really thought for a moment that the young man who stood frowning at him in the glare of the gas-lamps meant to have his blood.

However, there was no sound of anger in Stapleford's voice when he said presently, "It's early yet; I think I'll walk round to your place and have a smoke with you before I turn in, Segrave, if you don't mind."

And as they strolled towards the Kiseleff Strasse, where Brian had engaged rooms, he discoursed with all his accustomed amiability, cracking small jokes and seeming to have quite recovered from a passing irritation; so that, after he had been made comfortable with an armchair and a cigar, it was a little startling to hear him begin, —

"I say, old chap, we may as well understand one another. Are we rivals, or are we not? Because I'll be hanged if I can make out. Of course you know what I'm here for; but I dare say you don't know that I'm about as crazily in love with Beatrice Huntley as a man can be. I tell you that because I think it may make a difference. If you're in love with her yourself, I've no more to say; but if you're not, you might give a fellow a helping hand, now you know that he's in earnest."

Brian hesitated; it was more difficult for him than it was for Stapleford to lay bare the innermost secrets of his heart. Still, thinking himself bound to be honest, he replied with something of a blush: "Well, then, since you ask me, I do love her; these things are not matters of choice, you know. But I hope you don't think that I have been trying to — to interfere with you in any way."

"Oh, that's all right," said Stapleford; "I only wanted to know. You are just as much entitled to be in love with her as I

am, and we won't quarrel over it. Let the best man win."

"But, my dear fellow," protested Brian, "you surely don't imagine that I shall ask Miss Huntley to be my wife, do you? You forget who I am — a mere nobody, without an acre of land and with only a few hundreds a year of my own."

"I don't see what better reason you could find for marrying an heiress — especially since you happen to be in love with her. In fact, that's precisely my own case."

"Not quite, I think," said Brian.

"Well, it's near enough. What I fancied was that you suspected me of being after her money; and small blame to you! It began in that way, I confess. Her people and my people got the thing up, and I had no objection. But after I came to know her, why, I changed my point of view altogether; and now I'd marry her if she hadn't a sixpence. I would indeed; though I suppose it would be a perfectly idiotic thing to do. So now I think I may claim to be as little of a fortune-hunter as you are, and if I come in first I shall win on my merits, don't you see?"

Brian nodded. "But there's no race," he said.

"That remains to be seen. I doubt whether she is in love with you, if you'll excuse my saying so. Old Joy swears she isn't, but thinks she has no end of a high opinion of you. As for me, I'm about sick of this fast and loose game. Now, look here, Segrave, would you mind not coming down to the springs to-morrow morning? It can't make much odds to you, and if you're out of the way, I shall have some chance of getting her to say plainly what she means."

Brian readily gave the promise requested and added, with some magnanimity, "I wish you good luck, Stapleford, and if Miss Huntley marries you, she will marry a real good fellow, I'm sure of that. You won't expect me to say that I quite enjoy the idea of her marrying anybody."

So the two young men shook hands and parted. It may be (for human nature is human nature, after all) that their mutual good-will would have been a trifle less genuine if each of them had not been secretly persuaded that the other's prospect of success was small.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### STAPLEFORD IS FOUND IMPOSSIBLE.

By mere force of habit, Brian rose at an early hour the next morning and had

nearly finished dressing before he remembered that he was a self-constituted prisoner. He did not repent of the concession that he had made — which, to be sure, was no very important one — but when he recollected that he had actually gone so far as to wish Stapleford success, he could not help smiling; because, although he had believed himself to be speaking sincerely at the time, he was now quite sure that he wished for no such thing. How could he possibly wish Beatrice to marry a man whom she did not love?

He strolled out on to his balcony, which was overgrown with masses of bright-colored petunias, and looked down the sunny street towards the Untere Promenade. In the distance he could hear the band opening the proceedings with "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott;" a light, bluish mist hung over the gardens and softened the rounded outlines of the trees, giving promise of a hot day; from every direction matutinal water-drinkers were hurrying towards their meeting-place at the Elisabethan spring. There they all went: the hereditary grand duke of Langenschwalbach with his long-legged equerry; old Lady Chatterton, looking to right and left with inquisitive twitchings of the nose, as though she already scented scandal in that pure air; fat Miss Kingfisher, pounding along post-haste to catch up his Serene Highness; and the judges and the generals, and the debilitated young men and the young men who had nothing the matter with them. Then his heart gave a little jump; for Beatrice herself, walking with her head in the air, as usual, came within the field of his vision and passed on, Miss Joy trotting in her wake. Had she any suspicion of what was in store for her? Brian could imagine it all. Stapleford would march up with a determined air; Miss Joy, taking in the situation at a glance would retire precipitately; and then — well, then there would probably be very little preliminary beating about the bush. A man who does not mind sacrificing his own life can assassinate the czar of all the Russias, and a man who is willing to take his chance of rejection cannot be prevented from proposing to any lady with whom he is alone for five minutes, be she never so reluctant to be proposed to.

And supposing that Beatrice should reject this long-suffering suitor, as Brian believed that she would, when it came to the push — might it not, after all, be just possible that at some future time, when perhaps he might have made a name for himself — But he was determined not to

revert to dreams which he had dismissed long ago as idle. Stapleford had been pleased to speak as if they stood upon the same footing; but the fact remained that an impecunious peer differs in many essential points from an impecunious composer of music. "Moreover," concluded Brian, "she doesn't care a straw for either of us." So he went back into the room and played scales resolutely until his coffee was brought to him, together with a few letters, one of which, as he saw with pleasure, was addressed in Monckton's handwriting.

Monckton was away on his annual holiday, and wrote from Milford Haven, whither he had successfully navigated the ten-ton yawl in which he was wont to sail the seas when driven to seek a little relaxation. He had carried away his topmast, had run short of provisions, had not taken off his clothes for three days and nights, and had altogether been having a most enjoyable and invigorating time of it. "I only wish you were on board," he wrote. "The sea-breezes would do you a great deal more good than you are likely to get out of the waters of Homburg or its society either. I haven't heard much from Kings-cliff, except the announcement of your brother's engagement to Miss Greenwood, which, of course, will be no news to you." Then followed a hearty panegyric on Kitty, and an expression of opinion on the writer's part that any man who married her might consider himself uncommonly lucky.

In the latter sentiment Brian warmly concurred. Gilbert might have written to him, he thought; but then he remembered that he had not written to Gilbert and resolved to repair that omission forthwith. This engagement was, to his mind, an entirely satisfactory thing. It showed that Gilbert had a spark of romance in him; it showed that he was capable of constancy; it even furnished something of an excuse for that sale of land to which Brian had never been able to reconcile himself; for when a man wants to marry and can't afford to do so, he should not be too harshly judged if he disposes of what, after all, is his own. In his anxiety to whitewash his brother, Brian had very nearly gone the length of acquiescing in Beatrice's favorite thesis that right and wrong admit of no exact definition, when his thoughts were diverted into quite another channel by the abrupt entrance of Stapleford, whose features and gait bore the unmistakable impress of defeat.

"I just looked in to bid you good-bye,"

said he ; " I'm off to England by the next train."

" You haven't prospered, then ? " asked Brian, with a not very successful effort to look sympathetic.

" Prospered ? — rather not ! Well, I'm out of it now, and you can go in and try your luck if you choose ; but upon my word, I doubt if you'll do any better."

Brian did not think it worth while to renew his protestations of the previous evening ; but after a time he inquired : " Did she give you any reason for refusing you ? "

" She began by saying that she might very likely have accepted me if I hadn't been in such a hurry ; and when I pointed out to her that I had waited about as long as anybody could be expected to wait she changed her ground and declared that my having fallen in love with her made all the difference, because she couldn't consent to a one-sided bargain. Then I suppose she saw that I was a little cut up about it, you know, and she spoke very kindly and seemed to be really sorry for me. Indeed, from the way that she went on about not being good enough for me and all that, I almost hoped that I should be able to bring her round. However, she very soon let me see that the thing wasn't to be done. She is an odd sort of girl," concluded Stapleford thoughtfully.

And when Brian, with some warmth, declared that she had no equal, if that made her odd, he did not at once assent. It was plain that he had been hard hit, and also that he was smarting a little from the consciousness of having been made a fool of, though he was too much of a gentleman to say so.

Nor, after he had gone away, was Brian able to pronounce quite so favorable a verdict as he could have wished upon the conduct of the lady who had no equal. True it was that there were no grounds for accusing her of having flirted with Stapleford merely to amuse herself. Whatever she might be, she was not a flirt ; and besides, it had been abundantly evident of late that Stapleford's attentions were disagreeable to her. Still it was not less true that she might easily have got rid of him at an earlier stage of the proceedings, that it had been quite unnecessary to bring him all the way to Homburg to send him about his business, and that her only reason for so doing must have been that she had not taken the trouble to find out her own mind. That seemed to show a certain want of consideration for the feelings of others. But the heat and

light of the sun (which the Germans, with a linguistic perversity which might have been expected of them, have made feminine), are not perceptibly diminished by the spots which can be discerned upon its surface, and there are many lives which circle round a female luminary. Brian's, apparently, was destined to be one of these ; nor could he feel that the discovery of a trifling flaw here and there in any way lessened the attraction to which he had surrendered himself. Assuredly it was not likely to prevent him from taking the earliest possible opportunity of indemnifying himself for the loss of his accustomed morning walk with Miss Huntley.

Knowing her habits as he did, he set forth at three o'clock for the lawn-tennis ground, in the confident expectation of meeting her ; and there, sure enough, she was, sitting under the trees, the centre of a group of spectators, to whom she was chatting as unconcernedly as if there had been no luckless young man at that moment speeding towards Cologne, with the fragments of a broken heart beneath his waistcoat. Brian stood watching her for a short time. She did not see him, nor did he care to force his way through the circle, which was sure to break up presently. But Miss Joy, who occupied a chair some yards in the background, beckoned to him as soon as she became aware of his vicinity.

" Have you heard ? " she whispered, lowering her sunshade and turning a distressed countenance towards him.

He seated himself on the dry grass beside her. " Yes," he replied, " I've heard, but I'm afraid I can't look upon it in the light of a calamity, as you do."

" Well," returned Miss Joy, with a touch of irritability, " I suppose it wouldn't make much difference if you could. As for me, I am disappointed and disgusted, and it is a relief to me to think that I am just about to take my last bath. The sooner we leave Homburg now the better I shall be pleased."

" Are you leaving at once then ? " asked Brian in dismay ; for he had not calculated upon so precipitate a departure.

" I fancy we shall start in a day or two. I have finished my cure, and Beatrice was saying this afternoon that she had had enough of the place."

" Where shall you go ? "

" To Switzerland, I believe ; and then, no doubt, to Kingscliff for the autumn. You know, perhaps, that Beatrice has been having the Manor House put in order and furnished."



Miss Joy paused and sighed. "Is there any likelihood of our meeting you there?" she asked by-and-by.

Brian shook his head. "Oh, no; I shall be busy in London. Besides, there would be nothing to take me to Kingscliff, unless, indeed, I should go down for my brother's wedding."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Joy, in accents of such amazement that Brian burst out laughing.

"I should have thought," said he, "that, after spending so many months in our part of the world, you would have been prepared to hear of Gilbert's engagement to Kitty Greenwood."

Prepared or unprepared, Miss Joy received this intelligence with a demonstration as surprising as it was inexplicable. She flung her sunshade up into the air, caught it by the handle as it fell and ejaculated, "Hooray!" Then, perceiving that her neighbor was staring at her as if he suspected her of having suddenly gone raving mad, "Excuse this exuberance of animal spirits," she said; "but I never did like your brother, Mr. Segrave, and that's the truth."

"I may be very dense," observed Brian; "but I confess I don't see why your disliking my brother should make you rejoice in his happiness."

"It is our duty to love our enemies," returned Miss Joy sententially.

"Oh, Miss Joy, that really won't do!"

"That won't do? Then you may take it that mine is the glee of a sour old maid who naturally exults when she sees a fellow-creature blunder into the snare of matrimony. And if that doesn't satisfy you, let me mention that I have the greatest esteem and regard for Miss Greenwood; I suppose I may be allowed to rejoice in her happiness, may I not?"

"Yes, but I think you must have had other reasons than those for behaving so indecorously in public."

"Very well, then; I had other reasons. Only I am not going to communicate them to you; so you needn't bother me. It is time for me to take my bath now. When you write to your brother, please give him my hearty congratulations."

With that, she marched off, leaving Brian completely mystified, and resolved to find out from Beatrice what might be the meaning of these enigmatic utterances.

But of course, when Beatrice separated herself from her friends and joined him, it was neither about the news of his brother's engagement nor about Miss Joy's singular

manner of receiving it that he was chiefly desirous of talking to her.

"If you are not going to play lawn tennis," she said, "let us find some cooler and more sequestered spot than this. I have a crow to pluck with you."

However, she did not seem to be very seriously angry; on the contrary, there was a lurking smile about her eyes and lips which reminded him of what she had been during that happy week which had preceded Stapleford's advent upon the scene. Moreover, she made straight for a certain retired bench, shut in by trees and shrubs, where she and he had sometimes sat in those days, but which they had not since revisited.

"You did not put in an appearance at the springs this morning," she began; "was that accidental or intentional? But I won't tempt you to prevaricate. I happen to have been informed, upon the very best authority, that your absence was due to a preconcerted arrangement; and pray, do you consider that friendly behavior?"

"I thought it was friendly to him," answered Brian without embarrassment (for he was sure that Stapleford had betrayed nothing more than the fact mentioned); "and I certainly didn't think it was unfriendly to you. Why should it be?"

"As if you didn't know I have been using you as a shield and buckler for the last fortnight! But perhaps you don't like being used as a shield and buckler. Anyhow, I can forgive you; for you have done both Stapleford and me a service, whether you intended it or not. Oh, what a comfort it is to be able to write *Finis* to that chapter!"

"Couldn't you have done that before you left London?" Brian ventured to suggest.

"No doubt I could; and I see by your face that you think I ought to have done it. You are a man; so you don't understand indecision in such cases. You would, if you were a woman, and especially if you were a rich woman. Joseph, whose remarks are often much to the point, said to me before we parted, 'I could lay my hand on as many as twenty men of good position and character who would be very pleased to have the spending of your money; but I doubt whether you would find one of them wear as well as Lord Stapleford.'"

"Stapleford wanted something more than the spending of your money," Brian felt bound in justice to say.

"Exactly so; and that was just what made him impossible. Why do you look

at me in that dissatisfied way? Were you so very anxious that I should become Lady Stapleford?"

"No," answered Brian; "I never wished that, and I'm glad that it isn't to be. All the same, I am very sorry for him."

"So am I. I expressed my sorrow to him and abased myself before him when he looked piteous at me. Nevertheless, he has had a lucky escape, and he isn't badly hurt. Men who are devoted to athletics and sport get over these little misadventures with wonderful rapidity. He is going to shoot grouse now; and if that doesn't cure him, as perhaps it won't, the stalking will. I made a point of ascertaining that he would get some stalking later on."

And nothing would persuade her to take a more serious view than this of poor Stapleford's disappointment. "You will see—you will see," she said. "We are in August now; well, before Christmas he will be thanking me for having let him off. If you must needs pity somebody, pity Clementina, who will not be so quickly consoled. You might even spare a little pity for me; for I can assure you that there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth when she and I meet. The mere thought of it makes me long to remain abroad until the winter and then fly to Egypt."

"I hope you won't do that," said Brian.

"Oh, I can't. I have urgent affairs to attend to at home; not to speak of the first representation of your opera, which I wouldn't miss for anything. You must write and tell me when the date is fixed. I shall have taken up my abode at the Manor House by that time, and I shall bring your brother and a large Kingscliff contingent to London with me to pelt you with laurels."

"By the way," said Brian, "my brother is going to be married to Kitty Greenwood. I only heard of it this morning."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Beatrice incredulously. And then: "You don't mean that it is actually settled and announced?"

And on being informed that such was the case, she turned her head away and drummed impatiently upon the ground with her foot.

A horrid suspicion flashed suddenly across Brian's mind. He remembered Miss Joy's unaccountable exultation; he remembered that Gilbert had certainly been very assiduous in his attentions to Miss Huntley at Lady Clementina's dinner-party; and Gilbert was handsome,

clever, likely enough to distinguish himself—just the sort of man who would probably arouse her interest. But the next instant he was certain that this suspicion was groundless, although there would be nothing surprising in Miss Joy's entertaining it. Everybody must admit that there are things which we know to be facts, without being able to prove them such either to others or ourselves.

"You don't seem pleased," he hazarded at length.

"I am not pleased," she answered. "I was in hopes that the girl would have had the sense to marry Captain Mitchell, who would make her as happy as the day is long. As for your brother he cares for nothing in heaven or on earth but himself."

"I think he must care a little for Kitty," Brian urged.

"Oh, yes; a little—that's the unfortunate part of it. I wish you hadn't told me this! I should have liked to have only pleasant memories of our last day."

"Your last day!" echoed Brian dismally.

"Yes; our time is up, and I have decided to issue marching orders for tomorrow. Now, if you please, I want to forget your brother and Stapleford, and Clementina, and everybody else whom it is painful to think of. Tell me about your opera."

But in truth this subject had been somewhat threshed out, and neither Brian's efforts nor Miss Huntley's could prevent the day from ending in a dreary and unsatisfactory fashion. To him, at any rate, the shadow of the coming parting was ever present—a parting which, as he felt, must add the melancholy word *Finis* to another chapter than that of which she had so lightly spoken.

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## A VISIT IN A DUTCH COUNTRY HOUSE.

### PART I.

A FEW words of explanation as to my visit. Having been invited over to Holland by some dear Dutch friends and distant cousins, to renew old pleasant impressions of their country home near Haarlem, I left England in this last, most beautiful, September of 1884.

Coming dizzily on deck at Flushing about 6.30 A.M., a glorious sun, and a good breakfast at the station, revived every one. Off by a rather slow but safe express, in a comfortable red-plush-lined

carriage, I looked out of the window sleepily to see "if I remembered it all," *i. e.*, the general view of the country. First impressions are the most striking, they say. Mine were slightly confused. A green land, with pollards on its leas; long beds of river grass waving tall plumed heads by the canals for miles, or mowed down and stacked for thatching; bright little cottages, and small children in tight night-caps and sabots. Peasants stopping their ploughs to look at the train, and wearing flat caps, blue shirts, and black corduroys. We are now in a land of blouses and caps. Along raised grassy dykes, long green carts are being briskly pulled by pairs of long-tailed horses. I always like these carts, with their carved rail tilting up picturesquely behind, and the short, green prow in front which the driver guides this side or that, while the harness replaces shafts. About Middelburg, little white houses nestle cosily under such enormous red-peaked roofs that the green landscape fairly glows. And now, twice, the sea seems to close in upon our narrow causeway, while flat green meadows so merge with low grey waters that in the distance one can hardly distinguish between them. We are passing through the islands of Zeeland.

We stop at Rosendaal, the junction for Brussels; pretty Dordrecht, with its villas in tiny gardens, containing water, willows, bridges, and summer-houses, in half an acre; and Rotterdam, all bustle and brightness, big streets, wide waters — a town for commerce rather than residence. Then a great grassy plain for miles, intersected regularly by brimming little water-trenches and covered with herds of black-and-white cattle. My eyes desire a red cow and are seldom if ever gratified. Cuyt painted them — why are there none now? Thick woods ring the horizon; that means the Hague. Then more fat pastures follow; Leyden, with its soldiers and students at the station, being a mere interlude.

This plain reminds me of children playing at Noah's ark on a green tablecloth, and dotting their animals over it. But the view is never unbounded here, as on a prairie, however. Holland has many woods, and these snugly bound and intersect the wide meads, while village spires seem always rising out of the trees, and small windmills (for pumping up water from the ditches) turn red sails. A line of roofs breaks the plain, and head and shoulders over these rises a square mass, like a hen brooding over her chickens — an old mother watching her children. It

is the sight that always meets one from afar in coming within sight of Haarlem town — it is Haarlem Cathedral.

It is only a quarter past eleven as we steam into the station. And there is Hugo C — waiting to greet me — kindest of cousins and most hospitable of hosts. His English-looking family omnibus is waiting with a useful-looking pair of bays. Mounting the box beside him — for he likes driving himself — we are off through the bright, quaint little town. Haarlem makes one seem to have stepped back a century or two, with its narrow, paved streets, gabled house-fronts with curious façades; quiet canals along which the gentry live, with high trees clipped in a screen before their doors; the old marketplace and cathedral. Passing all these, we drive partly through the famous wood.

Amsterdam is a town for commerce, rich merchants, heavy dinners, and some stiff old country families who cling in winter to their town houses. The Hague is gay, nineteenth century, somewhat cosmopolitan. But Haarlem, the Dutch say, is where people live "who have nothing to do." The description is pleasantly meant, and if not true in all cases, is so in that of my friend's. And now our brick-paved road goes out towards the country, among pretty villas, bright with flowers, of course, in this flower-loving land, and shady with trees. We are soon nearing our destination, and my visit has fairly begun.

Lindenroede (Lime Lawn) is a good specimen of an ordinary Dutch country house. Square and white, with its green shutters, and raised terrace in front, it stands close to the highroad, as do all its neighbors, behind its gravel sweep. What is almost as universal, too, it is bright and fresh with paint, shaded by fine trees. Even before coming in sight of the house itself I greeted its stork's nest, standing as of old in the meadow across the road, in full view of the windows. Most country houses around have one just so placed; a shallow box on the top of a high pole. Some, worse luck! are deserted. The Lindenroede storks had three young ones this year, but it is the second week in September and they are all flown southwards already.

As the carriage turned in at the open gates, Jacqueline, my host's young married daughter, was sitting working on the terrace. (This is not her real name any more than others herein given of Lindenroede and its inmates; but if the names are fictitious, not so anything else in this

truthful little description of a country-house visit in Holland. I simply jotted down what we did and saw day by day, aided by nearly everybody in the house. Jacqueline then came down the steps with the sunniest "cousin's" welcome in the world. The "cousinship," by the way, dates from some time about the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes — no matter for that, when folk are not only kith but kind. The second breakfast, corresponding more to a French *déjeuner* than our lunch, was just ready, it being half past twelve o'clock. So, after washing off the dust of the journey — and the very Sahara cannot be worse than the sand which drove in at the train windows along from the Hague, threatening to silt me up alive, — down I came. The very dining-room has an old friend's air from pleasant memories. There is the thick Deventer carpet — how handsome those carpets are, and how well they wear! it is a pity we do not know them better. Through the windows we look, on the one hand out at the noble standard chestnuts in the lawn behind the house; on the other side, through the folding-doors set wide open into the hall, and the plate-glass front door of the latter — likely enough open, too — the view of the road beyond the trees (a view so usual, I might almost call it indispensable, in Holland) is secured while we are at meals. "And now, you see, here are the Dutch dishes, you remember," says Hugo hospitably. Yes, I remember the usual roast veal, the excellent mashed and buttered potatoes, the cold pancakes — this last a truly national sweet. Lunch over, we adjourn, as in general, to the terrace. There sitting against the house wall, where outdoor chairs and a table make an *al fresco* drawing-room, we chat and watch the vehicles go by, while waves of the hand are exchanged with friends. Then one carriage turns in, that of Hugo's sister and brother-in-law. I remember their fine old house well, since "last time" I was here, with its moat all round, except at what answered to a drawbridge (indeed, answering better), a solid gravelled approach. And their kitchen garden, too; with all the espalier fruit-trees trained into furniture shapes of tables, sofas, and pianos, and those on the wall in loyally regal names. But their visit over, with kindly assurances I look "not in the least as if after crossing the sea" — fatigue drives me to take a nap before unpacking and six o'clock dinner.

Meanwhile, the interior of a Dutch gen-

tleman's house and household may be described.

Of the inmates I will only say that there is mine host first, who has more true friends than almost any man; his daughter, who does the honors of his house in summer — every winter he travels afar — and her husband. There is also the latter's sister, on a visit here, nicknamed the "Princess." And lastly, the youngest son of the house, whom we may call the "Irrepressible," while his pretty *fiancée* generally joins us.

There is much in the house too significant of its owner's yearly travels, and taste, to be exclusively Dutch. His own study and his daughter's boudoir up-stairs are quite Oriental with spoil from the bazaars of Cairo and Algiers, and from the Holy Land. The passage-way and staircase are hung with blue Damascus tiles. And the pleasant large bedrooms on either side the single corridor up-stairs are fitted up with French furniture and cretonnes draped in the latest Parisian fashion. But down-stairs there is something more distinctive in the pale-green-painted dining-room, namely, most curious drinking-glasses engraved with all manner of family scenes; also fine sets of old china behind the glass oval cupboards recessed in the wall. Out of this dining-room, there is a little solemn, satin drawing-room, with cabinets full of mine host's collected curios, but where nobody ever comes. And next this is a little ante-room full of palms and greenery, not much used either. But then comes the favorite sitting-room of the house, opening out of the hall and the *serre*; the "antique room," an excellent specimen of what several other Dutch gentlemen also have — or aim to have, for it necessitates, perhaps, years of careful collection and selection. It is a nearly exact representation of an *old-fashioned sitting-room*, such as you shall see in interiors by Nicolas Maes. The Dutch are intensely conservative; loving their forefathers' ways and traditions, and treasuring their family heirlooms of old blue Oriental china, old native delft, carvings, brasses, fine engraved glasses, and notably, their old silver. This room, as several others I saw, would give an impressionist the idea of *brown-ness*, brightened by brasses and blue china. Dark-brown are the high wainscot, the panelled ceiling, carved chimneypiece, and the beautiful old Cordovan leather wall-hangings stamped in faded gold; brown also the carved stiff furniture and its cushions. But the gleam of old brass chandeliers and sconces

brightens the gloom, many of the latter set round the wainscot ledge being of strange shapes an antiquarian would vainly covet. And besides, the usual brass fire-irons hung up on either side the old tiled fireplace are some less known in England; a brass *repoussé* box holding dried hemp-stalks to light candles, great snuffers, and a long blow-pipe for the fire, also useful in extinguishing candles placed high. Two heavy brass handles depend also from the high chimney-board, their use puzzling me. "What are they for?" "Why, for old gentlemen to hold by when lifting up one foot to warm their toes!" explained Hugo cheerily. "Our ancestors were heavy, you see, and could not stand long on one leg without support."

After the brasses the blue china relieves the eye in the rich sombreness of the room. Big jars, and lesser porcelain of all shapes, are ranged on the wainscot and all about the room; with queer deft plaques showing sea-pieces, and shaving dishes with nicks to hold the victim's neck. From a general impression coming to details, two objects in the room strike the eye before all the other furniture by their excessive size. The first is a nobly massive walnut press, to hold the family linen and best china. The second a huge Bible on a stand, THE BOOK dwarfing all other light mundane literature in the room by its size and solemnity. This handsome *armoire* for the housekeeper's treasures is a pride and prime necessity in all the Dutch houses I have seen. And nearly all of them possess also, as downstairs in the servants' room at Lindenroede, handsome carved mangles, and screw-presses for keeping table-linen always flat and tidy, these being sometimes so ornamental as to stand in the dining-room. But the antique room, has some rarer curios, such as a carved board and roller-pin, date 1650, for mangling small fine things I was told, and hanging near it from the wainscot a very ancient deep-cut yard measure.

Lastly, amongst old spinning-wheels, and some *Hindeloopen* furniture of great age, painted with (of course) Biblical scenes gaudily, are some square wooden boxes standing about on the floor, carved all over and pierced at the top. These are foot-stoves, still used by some ladies, with a chafing-dish of hot charcoal or peat embers placed inside. Hugo took up one in fine brass, delicately opened-worked. "This was my grandmother's stove; she used to carry it to church with the handle over her arm." These "stoves," as they

are called, are universally used in Holland. The churches are full of coarse ones for footstools; you see the same in the peasants' houses, in the bathing-boxes at Zaandvoort, with some old bathing-woman's savory stew keeping hot over them in the especial house upon wheels that is her home by day, and that of her progeny; and a small urchin in sabots sitting on one in winter to warm himself while munching a carrot or an apple is a frequently funny little sight. Smaller carved ones are used by the people to keep the teapot brewing, and in the nurseries of rich people are useful for hot milk and other infantile wants. "We always use one for our children, with a *spiritus lampas* inside," explained the Princess to me, speaking of her small brothers and sister. Not to take an inventory of all Lindenroede house, I will only add that the kitchen is a pleasant sight, its walls glistening with tiles and bright with coppers and brass; and that in the garret is stored away one of the carved and gilded small sledges, so curiously painted, that one sees in curiosity shops in Amsterdam or the Hague. It is waiting for a hard winter—there has been no frost to speak of for two or three years past.

Come outside the house and you shall see Dutch pleasure-grounds. The lawn is perfectly flat, of course, but—what some English who imagine Holland a vast plain studded with a few pollards, do not understand—the trees are so fine and so many, they bound the view and keep one's thoughts from much noticing the level ground. A brown piece of water, shaded by weeping willows, winds through the trees till bounded by a little rise topped by a small temple. Every country house around is sure to have such a piece of water, larger or smaller; and many have a similar little temple. But this being far down in the grounds, is rather to please the eye from a distance than for a philosophic retreat. A love of solitary seclusion is about the last idea, it seems to me, in most Dutch minds. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" would be quite out of favor with my cheerful-minded acquaintance. They love, as I said, to sit out on their verandahs or terraces, or balconies, within view of the king's highway, and those who pass thereby. Not content even with this, a previous generation built the old-fashioned pavilions one still sees here and there *on* the road, with large glass windows often reaching to the ground, "to see and to be seen," though the house door is only a stone's throw



distant. In these one will often see families sitting of an afternoon round the central table, with perhaps some newspapers, and beverages. The Lindenroede summer-house beside the gate has been long taken away, however. To return to the temple, the thick coppice around it is half smothered with wild hops, bending in graceful green tassels; jays and magpies are chattering overhead among the tall trees. To right and left, sandy paths wind through the wood; and near the house lies a large kitchen garden with long rows of vineries, etc.; still nearer a bright little flower-plot and the orangery, where the big plants in tubs that stand about on the lawn are housed in winter.

Having described the house, as to the Dutch manner of life,—well, Lindenroede was Liberty Hall. Breakfast, to begin with, was ready at eight o'clock for the master of the house, and often still waiting at ten o'clock for the younger (male) scions. This is easy, for a mahogany bucket lined with metal and containing peat embers in which a brass kettle is kept singing, is *always* placed beside every Dutch breakfast-table; and appears at chance five o'clock teas too, and after dinner in the drawing-room. The kettle-bucket in Holland is the most characteristic object I can think of. At this breakfast one only eats bread and butter, adding sometimes to the latter thin slices of gingerbread, which is very good; or a wafer of rye bread. Concerning the latter, there are very few things I don't like in Holland; but, without a shadow of doubt, I detest rye bread. Eggs are boiled, if some one cares for them, in the kettle. The old-fashioned way was by means of a small sort of landing-net in which they were first popped; the newer one is to have wire or silver draining-spoons to lift them out. But the young men of the family going off to business in Haarlem do not even trouble the tea and bread and butter, much less the eggs. About a small cupful of milk and a wafer of rye bread, often nothing but a hasty glance at the morning papers, and they are off, smiling, with *bon jours* to the ladies left behind. And *bon jour* is echoed back to the husband bound for the law court, with *viel plaisir* (much pleasure) added to the Irrepressible soon to become a Benedick, who is off to the Hague to see races, or the Downs to try sporting-dogs in a *chasse*, and who will send notes at night to an English acquaintance on *le sport* in Holland, to be published in the *Field*. Many men whose business is in Amsterdam, but who

have houses in Haarlem for economy and quiet, will go to their offices and work till 1 or 2 P. M. without food.

The womankind left behind do odds and ends of work and writing, then lure out the master of the house from his Oriental study to find ripe figs in the beautiful big kitchen garden, and try the grapes sunning on the south wall. Or else we gather roses and arrange them, or take out work and books to the "tent," a little wooden arbor facing the small flower-garden embosomed in trees. The books are always English Tauchnitz volumes, or French novels; mostly the latter. Or again, we perhaps cross the road to a pleasant wood belonging to Hugo's brother-in-law and sister, whose demesne ranges with Lindenroede, so closely indeed, that, but for a rustic bridge over a water trench green with duckweed and shaded by willows, the sandy shrubby paths would seem to intermingle. The wood rises agreeably in little ups and downs, once, no doubt, sand-hills ages ago. Down in a sunny hollow lies a pond full of water-lilies. We seat ourselves above on a bench shaded by a coppice, burning red with dying maple-leaves here and there, while surely that flash of living blue over the water down there was a kingfisher; and close by a rabbit pops out on the turf and sits unheeding our talk. Even putting aside chat about old acquaintances made in past visits on both sides across the water, my Dutch friends had plenty to talk about. Jacqueline and her husband had lately been in London; and, of course, to Paris in the spring previously to see theatres and buy dresses and have a "good time," which is a yearly necessity if not a more frequent one. And there was some talk about a possible trip soon to Constantinople and back by Vienna. Hugo, who had spent last winter travelling in Spain, was bound in November for Asia Minor—taking Paris and Cannes first on his way. The Irrepressible and his fiancée were consulting upon Algiers for their honeymoon. The Princess lastly, after a short season in London, had spent the rest of the summer wandering in the Salzkammergut. And outside the household, almost every one I met seemed to go to the Riviera in spring, and to German watering-places in summer. They say the air is heavy in Holland; certainly on first coming one sleeps very sound. Perhaps, after a time in these lowlands, higher, bracing air would be needed.

Coming back for *déjeuner* at half past twelve we would read the *Figaro* or other

high literature on the terrace, or write letters till, at three o'clock, the landau would be at the door.

"Would you like to see a silver wedding?" Hugo asked me one day. "Our neighbors, the M——s, are holding theirs; and as this is their reception day we must go, like all their acquaintance, to see the presents and pay our respects." We drove off therefore that afternoon, each "drest in their Sunday best," to a country-seat of which the translated name is Greendale and Woodbeck. It belonged formerly to the English Hope family. The Roman Catholic Church at Heemstede was adorned with flags as we passed; so was the priest's house and the turnpike. Passing in at the gates of a large, closely wooded demesne, the lodge, then the gardener's house, and further on the stables, all set down among the trees, were likewise gay with flags and green wreaths. Some distance from the house was a large solitary pavilion in the wood, built to play billiards in, I was told. Carriages were passing and repassing on the drive as we approached, and the gravel sweep was all enclosed with wreaths of greenery, and had flags and three triumphal arches exactly as for a first wedding. The festivities, in the same way, are supposed to last a fortnight, during which time the green decorations are kept up. The visitors congratulated their host and hostess, who received them in a room where the presents, mostly of silver, were laid out, and each fresh set of guests, after a few minutes' stay, came away. In the evening there were to be an illumination of Chinese lamps in the grounds and fireworks for the peasantry, with sack races and other such diversions.

Then we drove on, for more visits, along the brick-paved road shaded by trees, past smiling cottages so snug and tidy they seemed to promise happy interiors. It will be understood that always on either side of the said road runs an open water-ditch instead of any hedges, walls, or banks; and looking over this ditch into the green, level meadows beyond, dotted with piebald cows, one must further imagine smaller water trenches again (always full), dividing the general green plain into separate portions. But here, near Haarlem, the country-seats are so many, that woods constantly break in closely on the uniformity of the level, whilst bright white villas, seldom far apart, greet us along the road from behind their short green lawns. Here and there, very often indeed, we come on canals by the

roadside, these being just broader water ditches. Sometimes, when there has been a strong wind, and the sluices have been opened, they are cleanly brown enough; but often, too often! they are grass-green with duckweed, though there is life enough on them of mud-boats and barges and such-like crafts. By the way, it was a wonder to me that there *are* so few ducks on these same canals, in spite of the famous dictum of *canards, canaux*, and the third unkind word. Often, instead of duckweed, the water is reddish with some other equally small aquatic plant, the effect being picturesque enough in coloring. One little picture of this very day I remember vividly, of two beautiful snowy goats lying on the green bank of just such a reddish canal; it was bordered with reeds, and overhung by willows and alder. Contrary to preconceived ideas, there are as many goats in this country as sheep and ducks are missing. After visiting a neighbor, owning one of the noble beech avenues which abound here, stretching in long tunnels of deep gloom to a little arch of light far down, we turned homewards by fresh woods and pastures new. At home, we could already see from the gate the Irrepressible and his pretty fiancée, awaiting us on the terrace, as also Jongherr R., with pleasant-looking bottles upon the table, suggestive of wines and minerva water. After the heat of the afternoon, refreshment was grateful, and five o'clock tea is as yet new-fashioned in Holland. The young men drove off presently in a fly to the club in town, for an hour before six o'clock dinner; which I mention only because England, being club-land essentially, is apt to imagine that other people have few or no clubs, and so wonder what men do with themselves. People generally ask as to another country, "What sort of food did you have?" Well, to choose out the most genuinely Dutch dishes, we had, perhaps, potato *purée*, or *bouillon*, flavored with chervil, and containing balls of veal forcemeat. The fish might be soles, or plaice, but, to give me kindly a more national delicacy, we had water bass from the canals sometimes. These are about the size of our trout, and are served up, half-a-dozen or so, in a deep dish, swimming in the water they are boiled in, flavored with "flat-leaved parsley." (The English name for this plant I cannot say, it being strange to me; but my cousin Hugo declared it unknown to us.) Water bass are eaten with thin sandwiches of rye bread; but without the latter, and the bread and butter only,

I thought them excellent. Another night we had a jack, done Dutch fashion. When boiled, all the small bones were removed, and the fish chopped up and mixed with butter, pepper, onions, and savory herbs. Then, rolled back into fish-like shape, the jack is browned, bread-crumbed, and eaten always with salad. It was really very good. Next came generally roast or stewed veal or beef, mutton being so poor it is rarely eaten. For vegetables, invariably potatoes, excellently cooked with butter; and besides those we likewise use boiled endives and bread-crumbed cabbage. Partridges followed, sometimes *au choux*; or other game. Wild ducks were plentiful, and some neighbors had just had an early dawn's sport, out in the dunes, getting ninety-four birds to four guns. "Not so bad, but still not very good," said the Irrepressible. Of sweets and savories I need give no hints, because they were mostly of French origin. Dessert over, both ladies and gentlemen return together to the drawing-room for coffee, which is drunk in the smallest and most precious of handleless old blue china. Such a set with us would be behind a glass case. Then come liqueurs — cognac and aniseed, the latter being a favorite. The gentlemen went out this warm evening to smoke their cigarettes on the terrace for a little while. Then they dropped in again to the cheery antique room for chat and tea. The mahogany peat-bucket and its kettle had been placed by the footman, as usual, beside the table, and very old Chinese little teacups, almost as valuable as the blue porcelain, were ranged on a wooden tray truly Dutch. It was one of the finest specimens of a kind eagerly sought after by curio-hunters, being excellently painted in oils, showing the interior of an old house, Teniers-like, the thick edge being gilded. There was a great demand for English ghost stories that evening. After careful inquiries, I do not believe Holland boasts one genuine, respectable family ghost. The *jongherr* alone of my hearers had any reverence for the supernatural. Him I name to mention that there are but three classes of nobility here, that of *jongherr*, then baron, and, highest, count. The Dutch are very simple as to titles, and never address their friends as *M. le baron*, or *comte*.

"Every one *knows* they are barons or counts, so it would be thought affected or snobbish to call them so," Hugo explained. "Servants may sometimes use the phrase, but as often say only *mynheer*. Of

course, peasants speaking to each other of their landlords would say 'the count,' or 'the baron,' that is all."

Before we said good-night, the tea and coffee-cups were all washed on the tray by our lady of the house, and dried with a fine napkin, as were the teaspoons, which were replaced in a satin-lined glass case. Then the footman being rung for, they were all locked again in the *armoire*. This washing of the cups is one of the good old customs against which it must be owned the younger generation grumble. "Your ladies do not have this trouble!" "But," interpose the elders, "English people do not use every day such old cups worth from £1 to £3 each." "Hé!" sigh the young folk, "we would rather then use common services like the English. Of what use is it to have plenty of servants, if we must do their work?" Old-fashioned Dutch people go further, I am told, washing up themselves knives, forks, and plates — no matter how many their servants — looking over all the linen from the wash, and pulling out any lace edges themselves. But this I never saw.

Coming down stairs rather early another glorious morning, in came the master of the house cheerily from the fresh outside air. "Good-morning to you, ladies. I have just been to your uncle's already to congratulate him — it is his birthday." In the course of the day all the rest likewise went to congratulate; and several more birthdays happening during my visit, all were equally remembered by troops of friends as by relations. Some presents are perhaps given, and the gardener would send in what I may call a cushion of flowers, carefully arranged as a table centre-piece. Just as our little breakfast was ended, Jacqueline called to me, "Look! there is the *aanspreker*. Do you remember him? I wonder who is dead!" I saw a strange figure going swiftly to the servants' side door. A tall man dressed in lugubrious black small-clothes, and silver-buckled shoes, black deep-flapped coat and waistcoat, his head crowned by a three-cornered hat and long weepers. He carried some papers, for his duty is to go round the neighborhood and announce all deaths. This time it was no one of importance. Another curious old custom relates to births, and the towns of Haarlem and Medemblik alone own with pride its right. In 1573, when the Spaniards took Haarlem after its famous siege, they sent notice that all houses wherein lay a mother and new-born babe should have their knockers muffled in white for a

month, and so escape sacking. Thenceforth births in Haarlem are celebrated by what has now become an ornament on the doors, called a *klopper*. Hugo brought forth their family one to show me. A square of lace with his coat of arms finely embroidered and edged with exquisite old Mechlin. This is lined white for a girl, half in pink for a boy. Fastened over wood, it was hung out by day, and carefully goffered again at night. The Jews — the plague here of all curio-fanciers — scenting out every bit of old silver, lace, china, or carving in cottage or family seat — came sniffing around his *klopper* with vainly large offers for the Mechlin when last it was hung out.

Several mornings we used to start early for Zaandvoort in the *coureuse*, or stan-hope — Jacqueline driving us along the straight road, bordered by trees, through the downs, or dunes. These lie like a troubled sea of sand-hills all along the coast, covered with sparse green and cop-pice. They are divided into shootings, said to be fair as to partridges and pheasants, and very good for wild duck and rabbits. Lonely and sheltered, with fresh sea-air and sweet copse scents, the downs are pleasant to ramble in through a summer's day, taking one's lunch in a basket, as the Lindenroede household do. Near the coast, sandy tracts are carefully and anxiously planted with coarse grass-tufts, each only a foot apart, for this grass binding the loose sand against cruel winds forms the bulwark of the land. Zaandvoort is the smaller, quieter rival of fashionable Scheveningen, a few miles down the coast; and all the pleasanter to my mind for being so much less frequented. Passing through the old fishing-village with its wooden houses, we leave the *coureuse*, and go down on the deep sands. Here sitting in big basket seats, like porters' chairs, to keep off the wind, we watch the low, grey sea; the big fishing-smacks called *pincks* hauled up ashore\* with their wooden fins, and their blue pennons flying; the fishwives with their lace caps and curved straw bonnets, peculiar to themselves, and long aprons, with a stripe atop always of a different stuff, why, no one knoweth. The fishermen wear blue shirts, and crimson serge trousers, often rolled up to the knee, as they go about barelegged; and there are, too, bathing-

machines and bobbing bathers in dismal sack-like dresses to see; and little Dutch children playing about with their English or Swiss nurses. The talk around is wonderfully polyglot. The Dutch use their own language by nature; but almost as often speak, and they assure me *think*, in French, from habit, their second nature. To know it is a polite necessity, like having a visiting-dress; and only old-fashioned people would dream of sending invitations otherwise than in French, and indeed many more familiar letters. As to English, I can remember no one of our acquaintance who did not know it a little, many, like my kinsfolk, excellently well, and they like to "practise" on all occasions. Most know German, too; some, perhaps, Italian.

Driving home in time to dress for dinner, most likely some neighbors pay an evening visit afterwards, and stay chatting till nine or ten o'clock. In summer this is the favorite hour for callers, and the terrace is gay with laughter and voices in the warm evenings. But it was getting dark now to stroll out from Haarlem, or the environs. One day we saw a peasants' wedding passing the gate, a procession bound on the gala drive that follows the civil and religious ceremony. There were fifteen to eighteen little yellow-varnished gigs (or chaises, as they call them), the whips and the plaited long manes and tails of the horses adorned with ribbons and flowers; an orange horse-cloth hanging behind the gig. First came the best-man and bridesmaid; next the happy pair in a more ornamental "tilbury" than the following pairs. Each man drives on the left side with his right arm round his maiden's waist, taking "toll" at all bridges, and throwing sugarplums at the gazers in the villages. The old folk follow four together in larger covered yellow chaises shaped like poke bonnets with glass sides. N. B. "Some little tilburys have caps, too," Jacqueline remarks to me, "but these are only for married people! No unmarried peasant girl or boy ventures to drive in such." The peasants end their drive with a dinner somewhere, and diversions. But as the latter are the same as at a servant's wedding, I can describe them for both. At Lindenroede, the last servant's wedding was minus the peasants' drive; but a party was given in the long glass orangery for them. Here they sang, danced, with laughter and noise; ate cakes and drank their favorite *persico*. (A drink in which pounded peach-kernels is the chief ingredient.) The family come

\* Pink was an old name in Shakespeare's days for a small vessel.

"This pink is one of Cupid's carriers: clap on more sail, pursue."

(Merry Wives of Windsor.)

out to watch them, and then the favorite dance, a kind of kiss-in-the-ring, is sure to begin. Joining hands in a circle, all dance round one in the middle, singing the old song beginning,—

Daar ging een Pater langs de kant,  
En het was in de Mei.

the whole being translated as follows:—

There went a friar along the way,  
And it was in the May!  
It was in the May so gay,  
And it was in the May!

Come, father, give your nun a kiss,  
Six times you sure may have that bliss,  
Six times is not seven! seven is not eight!  
Oh how sweet are this maiden's lips!

At the last verse the man in the middle kneels on one knee, and calling out a girl to sit on his raised knee, kisses her several times, then retires. She, in turn, calls out another swain who likewise kneels and kisses her; and so the dancing, singing ring goes noisily on. This pastime is amongst the "good old customs" recognized by all; and even young people of good family, of school boy and girl ages, indulge in it at festive seasons.

When Sunday morning comes, we drive into the French church at Haarlem; disregarding the glorious sounds of the cathedral organ reaching us even outside as we pass through the old market-place. No; the Dutch service and sermon in there is *too* prosily long. Our church is small, whitewashed, and bare to ugliness. The few ladies sit on chairs in the middle, the fewer men in pent-house pews around. A *cantique* or two, a little *évangile*, a long prayer made by the black-gowned minister, and a longer sermon, ended by a glass of water, forms the service. Add also, that for the collection two black velvet tasselled nightcaps, with peaks, are handed round at the end of long poles. Inside one peak is written *église*, on the other *pauvres*. Church over, we get warmed driving back in the cheery sunlight to lunch. In the afternoon the large carriage and pair of horses takes us all for an hour's drive through the woods of pretty Bloemendaal or Overveen, full of charming villas inhabited by rich Amsterdam merchants or retired Java planters. Then about four we turn—like all the carriages of the neighborhood—towards Haarlem Wood. "Sunday afternoon in the wood" is a Haarlem sight. In one of the open spaces of the old wood, which is one of the chief beauties of the town, a band plays opposite the club or *sociétéit*. The

verandah and enclosed lawn of the latter are crowded thickly with members and their families, sitting round little tables, some with various refreshments, all talking gaily. "The repose of Vere de Vere," the passionless expression and half-extinguished voices of which our high society has been accused lately by a Gallic observer, are not fashionable here. Dutch stolidity or phlegm is, I think, true of the lower classes; but added to good humor and cheerfulness. Carriages with well-dressed people stand about in the shade. Through the wood come likewise all manner of little peasant gigs, and larger farmers' hooded chaises from the fen-lands of the dried lake. Here and there are women with curious head-gear, among many—too many, of late years—without costume. Silver and gold skull-caps covered with lace, from Friesland; other caps with pinned-up lappets and all manner of queer pins of gold-twisted wire and diamond sparks; forehead ornaments, coral beads; enormous winged muslin caps from down beyond Leyden. And prettiest of all, the orphan girls of Haarlem, who wear black skirts, snowy kerchiefs, with coquettishly modest muslin caps, long white mittens, and short sleeves, one crimson, the other dark blue. (The Amsterdam orphan girls wear a similar dress, but one side of their skirts is crimson, the other black.) Even in winter they go bonnetless; but then the maid-servants will go shopping also with only their clear muslin caps on their heads. Some of the horses in the carriages are very handsome. Here in a young cousin's dog-cart, comes an English chestnut who, after winning prizes at home, carries all before him in Holland. His master goes yearly to England; and Yorkshire and the Islington shows see him regularly. In a field beyond the wood, a tent is pitched, and a pigeon-match—shooting at clay pigeons—going on. We recognize from afar various gentlemen from the country round, and some lady friends, then we turn homewards towards five o'clock.

Life, on the whole, goes comfortably and cheerily in the Haarlem neighborhood, if quietly. There were a good many country-house dinners going on during my visit, and a few tennis parties; though tennis is not made the rage and accomplishment it is in England. Most people were straying home from various German watering-places; and many of those who had country-seats would nevertheless go into town, the Hague, or Amsterdam, for some winter months. In Haarlem, what



the Princess called *la petite vie en ville* was fast approaching; when, unless a hard frost stirred every one's pulses, there would most likely be few amusements except some dinners, and perhaps a rare subscription ball. The Hague, however, at an hour's distance, has a gay season of its own. And there people, as in all capitals, give themselves airs, form cliques, and set *cancans* and gossip afloat. Nevertheless, though wherever human nature is — being as it is! — some scandals and heart-burnings will arise, yet the Dutch affirm that social life among them is far more moral, purer, and happier than in France firstly, or secondly in England, of late years. MAY CROMMELIN.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
IN VERMLAND.

THERE is, perhaps, no more popular fallacy than the belief that European tourist resorts, worth visiting, have been long since explored. To assert that every spot in Europe has not been prospected, time-tabled, and described in the crimson-covered guide-book, which is part and parcel of our civilization, would undoubtedly be rash. But, happily, these records have not always sufficed to turn on the full stream of light-hearted, light-headed sight-seers who tramp along the corridors of old-fashioned hotels, thump the keyboards of long-suffering pianos in public morning-rooms, drive up prices sky high for miles around, and — gravest of all indictments — cause a host of pestering guides, with smatterings of English, to spring up like mushrooms from a congenial soil. Many a bypath and roadway of an incomparable and picturesque beauty can still boast an idyllic quietude, hitherto undisturbed by the hurried feet of myriads. Foremost among these may be counted lovely tracks on the western frontier of Sweden, and bound thither we found ourselves on board one of the many steamers that call at Gothenburg.

It was late in spring. The passage across the North Sea, which had been a pleasant one, was drawing to a close. The Göta Elf, an estuary leading to the town, would be entered early the next morning, and now, with a smooth sea, a ruddy twilight, and an accomplished supper, our captain unbent somewhat and related cheering anecdotes anent himself, his passengers, and other seafaring matters. The day before I had watched him

with dignified ease rebuke the gratuitous familiarity of a well-meaning, but sadly misguided, fellow-traveller. That was at dinner, when we were all assembled on those hard benches with movable backs, on each side of that long cuddly table with its crude display of cutlery and cruet-stands, and so aggressively bright and matter-of-fact that they generally succeed in chilling any faint-hearted appetite. Between meals, though, with tablecloth and Newcastle porcelain removed, the aspect of this arrangement in cabin furniture is particularly desponding, always recalling to me a certain desolate schoolroom to which obstreperous boyhood was occasionally relegated, to grapple in solitude with some disgusting problem. At the head of the table the captain presided, and next to him was a Hamburger merchant, who had ordered a bottle of champagne and two glasses. When the steward had brought the wine, uncorking it with a pop and a flourish, as a gentle hint to the rest of us that we might with advantage follow such a laudable example, the German had filled one of the glasses, and with atrocious self-complacency and an air as who should say, "There's a treat for you!" pushed it towards our bold commander. The latter, with a look of supreme contempt, merely observed: "Thank you; I never take wine with my passengers."

But now we were near our journey's end, and on the upper deck the captain had been telling some of his experiences to a small knot of men, which did not include his Hamburger friend. "Did you ever come across a Norwegian pilot?" I asked, cherishing a sailor's veneration for the indomitable courage of these northern sea-dogs. "Did I?" he returned with warmth; "I should think so. Why, only last year, bound for Christiansand, I came here in a dense fog that had lasted nearly all the way across. Knowing I ought to be pretty close ashore, I stopped her engines and blew the whistle; but not a yard ahead could I see, and as night set in, I don't deny I didn't like it. Suddenly I heard a voice: 'Do you want a pilot, sir?' and, looking over the side, there, sure enough, was a pilot-boat. Well, the fog was as thick as a wall; but no sooner was the fellow on board, than — 'Full speed! Starboard her helm!' and away we went for the rocks. After steaming ahead for about half an hour the roar of the breakers became deafening, and I could see absolutely nothing — nothing but the fog. 'Hard a-port!' the pilot sung out, and hard a-port it was. Close

to us the surf thundered among the rocks; but a moment later we were in smooth water and were brought to an anchor as handy as if it had been clear daylight." The captain here walked away a few paces to get a better look at something forward. When returning he added: "Sir, you may go through the length and breadth of this world, but for hardiness and skill you will not beat the Norwegian pilot!"

This warm encomium recalled a reminiscence of my youth, which at the time made a vivid impression upon me, and which, though it has absolutely nothing to do with the present visit to Sweden, I cannot refrain from mentioning. Imagine a stormy winter's day with a pale-blue sky, a dark-blue turbulent sea, and a ship with close-reefed topsails. The gale howled in the rigging, ballooning the narrow strips of canvas and rap-rapping the running gear against the spars with wearisome monotony. Under our lee, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the iron-bound coast of old Norway, where the waves, leaping unceasingly against the black rocks, hurled jets of white foam high into the air. From out among these granite boulders a small craft appears, showing at first only a spritsail with a red stripe down the middle; but when it draws nearer we can see that the boat is covered with a deck, is broad of beam, clinker-built, and pointed fore and aft — shaped, in fact, like a gull. There are but two hands on board. The pilot — yellow-bearded, broad-shouldered, with a sou'wester on his head — stands by the mast; his son, a mere lad, has hold of the tiller. Our ship has been kept close-hauled, laboring heavily in the rough sea, and presently the boat is to windward a short distance off. With his hand firmly on the tiller the boy is keenly watching his chance, and the next moment runs us dangerously near; then a rope is thrown; is deftly caught by the pilot, who ties it round his waist, and the boat again sheers off. There is a moment's suspense; a big wave approaches; as it rises it lifts the small craft on its crest to a level with our rigging; in that instant the pilot jumps, and lands safely in our mizzen shrouds. The lad meanwhile has promptly luffed, and alone in his nutshell, now lost to sight, now heaved aloft, he makes his way sturdily towards shore; but on board the frigate we know that "all's well!"

A number of barren grey boulders formed the first and rather disappointing impression of Sweden. The next morn-

ing, for miles along the shore, these bald granite islets, some small, some large, lie in serried rows with deep water between them and the mainland — a convenient arrangement that should be appreciated by yachtsmen, since it affords vessels of ordinary size an opportunity for coasting agreeably in smooth water, even when the Kattegat or the Skager Rack outside are in a mood severely unpleasant. There was a golden light upon the calm sea, a crisp, invigorating atmosphere. In the far distance the rocks took a bluish hue, rising up out of the water in a fantastic, airy manner that almost equalled an eastern mirage. As we entered the Göta estuary we overtook a crowd of open fishing-boats making their way to town, deeply laden with glittering herring; in the level beams of the early morning sun their red sails, the blue ocean, and the grey granite background harmonized admirably. Our steamer passed close to many of the fleet, and it was impossible not to be struck with the fine physique of their crews, robust and stalwart, yellow hair and fair beards being unmistakably the fashion. The Swedish flag — dark blue with a gold cross — fluttered over the fort of Elfsborg, which crowns a small island in the middle of the river. Anent this place there is a curious story. The young Danish admiral, Peter Tordenkjold, the hero of many a bold romance in the eighteenth century, had fruitlessly besieged this stronghold for weeks. At last he sent an envoy to the defenders to say that, having received heavy reinforcements — sufficient, in fact, to take the place by assault at any time — to save needless bloodshed he proposed that a truce should be agreed upon, and that the commandant should personally inspect the new troops and so judge for himself whether resistance was possible. The invitation was accepted; the commandant was cordially received and conducted to a tent, where a sumptuous banquet had been provided in his honor. History then relates that the sailor host here passed the bottle so freely and with so much frank, engaging hospitality, that it was difficult, not to say impossible, for the Swedish officers to refuse; besides, having suffered considerable privations during the long siege, their heads were perhaps not so strong as usual. Be this as it may, the troops were afterwards inspected. The various regiments had been drawn up in the small town on the mainland opposite; but when the mounted officers had reviewed the ranks paraded in one street and had turned into the next,

the soldiers promptly and silently filed off at the other end and formed afresh in a third street, this manœuvre being repeated until all the town had been traversed. The effect was so imposing that the commandant forthwith signed an unconditional surrender.\*

Beyond Elfsborg the timber trade asserted itself with a vigor that was almost appalling. All thoughts of the landscape vanished. It is said that in Gothenburg the figure of speech most in use is "Three by nine by fourteen," a mysterious shibboleth — meaning an average plank, measuring three inches in thickness, nine inches in width, and fourteen inches in length — which may be fairly accepted as proof of the commercial prosperity of the town. Here on either side, as we steamed up the river, ships of all classes and all nations were taking in "deals" of yellow pine. Huge timber-yards, with stacks of wood tall as houses, lined the route; and everywhere, walking about with a long plank on their shoulder, were men whom nature apparently would have treated with more justice had she omitted to provide them with heads, since in the matter of carrying planks with ease this troublesome appendage seems awkwardly in the way. But presently our engines were slowing, then an observatory, churches, and custom-house buildings swung into view, and a few moments later our steamer was tightly secured along the quay. Everybody flocked to the landing-stage, but foremost the Hamburger merchant, encumbered with a bewildering variety of travelling paraphernalia, and, lo and behold! our captain was actually shaking him cordially by the hand. There are none like sailors to forgive and forget.

Gothenburg somewhat reminds one of a Dutch city; it is neat, prosperous, and highly respectable; it has canals, stone bridges, and indifferent pavements. But there the resemblance ceases. The quaintness, the variety of color and structure that delight the eye in towns like Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Schiedam are looked for here in vain, and, judging from what one sees, the Swedes do not appear to excel in architecture. The rows of stolid, yellow-brick façades, varied now and again by a dull grey where the masonry has been polished with a coating of cement, couple uniformity of design with monotony of aspect, and give the idea that the paramount object had been to keep the cold

well out of doors during prolonged severe winters. The long lines of narrow case-ments mostly with double frames, the little spy-mirrors fixed outside, which, without opening the window, enable the people within to see up and down street, and the utter absence of balconies, all confirm this impression. Most of the houses have only a height of two or three stories, and nowhere are there any venerable-looking piles, such as stimulate the curiosity simply by the general air of history that pervades them. Even such minor and frivolous matters as plate-glass shop fronts with varicolored displays, which do so much to dispel the dullness of a street view, are few, considering the undoubted wealth of the inhabitants. In the canals lay small schooners and other craft from the inland lakes — not crowds of vessels as in the towns of Holland, but a few scattered here and there — and their masts, sails, and fluttering streamers gave a welcome look of gaiety to the quay. The population move about preoccupied and busy. The fair sex, undoubtedly fair and mostly pretty, dress in good style with decided elegance, and walk well, notwithstanding the municipal preference for pointed stones. The men affect an Anglo manner and bearing, grow flowing whiskers, and the many who speak English do so without the trace of an accent. But for a commercial town the bustle and traffic are slight save by the riverside, where the lumber-yards absorb the principal energy and interest. On the whole, one arrives at the conclusion that this is the place where the Swedes make their fortunes, that afterwards they may spend them in Stockholm. For the ardent tourist there are, of course, the ordinary amount of "sights," and foremost among them figures a botanical garden of which the citizens are proud. But these things come under guide-book particulars, and Gothenburg represented to us on this occasion merely a halting-place *en route* for Vermland, the province of forests and lakes, beloved by the Swedes and sung of in one of their charming romances, the "Vermlandovisa," as follows: —

Ack Vermeland Du sköna, Du härrliga land,  
Du Krona bland Svea rikes länder.\*

A dainty little steamer, so commodiously arranged, so scrupulously clean with white paint, and so well provided with excellent fare that we half fancied our-

\* Thus, at least, is it recorded in the Danish chronicles; doubtless the Swedish version differs somewhat.

• Oh! Vermland, thou lovely, thou most entrancing land,  
Thou crown of Svea's possessions, jewel of her band

selves on board a yacht, was ready to take us up the Göta Elf against stream. Here the river has not yet joined the sea on its journey from the great Lake Venern, after leaping the Trollhättan, and it is much narrower than below Gothenburg, where its waters mingle with ocean. Immediately upon leaving the town the charm of the journey began to grow.

On either bank were verdant meadows with contented cows placidly browsing. Here and there, from surrounding clumps of feathery birch and larch, peeped forth some substantial homestead, built of timber of course; the dwelling-house painted deep red, relieved by a border of white round the window-frames; the wooden shingled roofs tarred and weather-stained to a sombre blue.

The groups of buildings, thus set in three shades of vivid green, from meadow, birch, and larch, made delightful harmonies of color. They occurred perhaps too rarely, however, the farther Gothenburg was left behind, and presently the sense of being in a large country where space was not yet cramped, and where there was a breadth and vastness that one generally imagines exists only on the other side of the Atlantic or at the Antipodes, was borne in upon one. We glided by saw-mills, either sunk in a dell or hollow on the river's edge, or near a lock, the water of their mill-ponds supplied by the Elf, and falling with full force over the huge revolving wheels. In adjacent reservoirs were men with long poles with hooks, sorting the pine logs, which, after an adventurous and independent course across great lakes and down streams, arrive here from far away inland. Frequently our steamer would slacken, and peasants (the men almost invariably provided with a leathern apron, the most distinctive feature of their dress hereabouts) would come alongside in their boats to fetch sacks of flour and sundry groceries, or a bundle of children and a wife; or we passed by others ashore waiting for the ferry with cart and horses, their figures reflected in the limpid water. In the distance were village spires, and, as a background, an interminable line of bald grey hills with scanty patches of moss on their hoary tops. Formerly their ridges were thickly covered with pine woods; but, being so easy of access, these forests were the first to fall before the constantly growing demand from abroad.

By imperceptible degrees the character of the landscape changed from pastoral to sylvan. The copses of birch and larch

grew denser, the pines became more imposing, and the hills seemed to draw closer in around us. When we reached Trollhättan the sun had already set, but the wonderful northern twilight did but soften the contours of the distant hills, leaving an opal glow which, as late as ten o'clock, made it possible to read a letter in the open air. Trollhättan means the "roaring wizard," and the falls fully justify the mythic title. On the top of a steep hill just above our landing-place lies the village of the same name, overlooking that part of the river which flows from Lake Venern towards the fall. Here the stream runs placidly enough, winding past mossy banks, with graceful weeping silver birches moistening the tips of their leaves in the current. But near to the hotel the bed narrows suddenly; a little farther on the river leaps down among large boulders in a curved volume of deep green water, which at once is churned into a wealth of bubbling foam. Leaping the rocks again and again, it rushes downward on a sharp declivity for nearly half a mile.

On one side of the cataract the cliff rises high and steep, clothed with close-set files of sombre pine-trees, enlivened here and there with patches of birch. On the village side the hill descends gradually with the falls, and on its top a row of deep-red buildings seems almost to overhang the torrent. These are merely prosaic iron-works, saw-mills, and other factories that use the energy of the fall as motive power; but, being built of timber, colored to the universal red tint, their solid outlines do not clash with, but even lend to the picturesque. From one of these factories an iron bridge is thrown across; and, standing on this, one best realizes the mighty power of this seething volume, flowing incessantly and with giddy velocity beneath one's feet. The noise is deafening, and one wonders unconsciously why this rush does not finally empty all the lakes in Sweden. Above, where the fall begins, from time to time a log floats unconcernedly to the brink, when suddenly down it is hurled into the fuming cauldron below, disappearing, reappearing, end up, to be again and repeatedly flung forward, only recovering equilibrium when finally reaching less turbulent waters below. The huge trunks cut in midwinter and sent adrift in spring to continue their eventful journey, each bear a distinctive mark. At various stages on the rivers men are stationed who intercept, sort, and retain those intended for their particular mill, sending the remainder onward till ulti-

mately they reach their destination; but it is generally not until after midsummer, when the hay is safely stacked, that the peasant finds time to visit the mill and settle accounts. Here he goes straight to the sorter's office, where the clerk, having consulted his books and reckoned up how many logs of this particular brand have reached them, takes a piece of chalk and jots down the sum total on his client's back. The latter ambles contentedly off to the head offices—sometimes at the other end of the town—where he receives his money, and by the aid of a clothes-brush the account is acquitted. Whether the Swedish chancellor of the exchequer can enforce the affixture of a receipt stamp in these cases I have been unable satisfactorily to ascertain.

Our steamer had passed into a canal by the side of the fall, where, through a succession of locks, she was gradually raised to the level of the river above; an operation that occupies the whole night, which is wisely spent by travellers at the adjacent and comfortable hotel. This canal is a fine piece of engineering work, commenced in 1793 and finished in the beginning of this century. At Venersborg, the capital of Vermland, an old-fashioned, quaint little country town, the Lake Venern opens out broad and wide. This is the largest inland sea in Sweden, and connected with Stockholm through a succession of lakes and canals. Our course lay to the left side, which necessitated a change of steamer, and though our new boat was somewhat smaller than the one we quitted, it was equally commodious, equally clean, white-painted, and well arranged. The lake is large enough to allow of losing sight of land when in the centre, and it can be rough, which, however, in summer time is rare. Following the western coast for some distance, we entered the river Sefle. Through the heart of Vermland, and away over the frontier, nearly to Kongsvinger in Norway, a string of romantic lakes is opened up by means of this watercourse. The entrance is through a lock so narrow that our crew, standing by the bulwark, were able comfortably to put a leg over on to the quay and, by a judicious push, aid the steamer through. Here is the town of Sefle, which, to judge from several three-storied, white-painted buildings, should be of some importance; for in this part of the world white paint seemed to indicate a higher level of refinement, the picturesque red being mainly confined to rural homesteads.

Soon the stream widened into a broad expanse, bordered alternately with rich arable land, pastures, or dense forests, and dotted with islets covered with copse-wood; then again narrowing to a channel, it led to a fresh lake. Every moment frightened teal and duck rose on the wing and passed overhead. We saw large villages, with substantial, well-to-do houses surrounding the church, and frequently glimpses were caught of the gables and high roof of some pretentious mansion standing in its own grounds, with extensive farm buildings at its back. The estates in this part of the country are very fine, some of them with as much as forty thousand acres of forest. In one of the lakes an isolated church, perched on the brink of a steep hill, was faithfully reflected, even to the golden cross on its spire, in the placid blue beneath. Later it was my privilege, one Sunday, to witness the congregation, in smart attire, arriving from all sides of the lake in four-oared boats to attend divine service here. On week-days, returning in the evening from their labor, they accompany the measured stroke of their oars with song, and their voices, floating across the water, are caught up and melodiously echoed against the close-set ranks of pines. Otherwise the most striking characteristic of these tracts is the prevailing stillness. The rumble of wheels and cracking of whips are seldom heard, the waterway being greatly preferred for the carting of hay from the meadows, etc., or as a route to the nearest town. The deep aisles of the forest are silent. No birds chirp and twitter between the needles of the pine boughs, only now and again the gentle ripple of a brook, scattering itself over rocks that seem soft as velvet from their thick covering of moss, falls on the ear, or a few dry twigs crackle for a moment as a fox slips through the bank into its hole: these are the only sounds in spring. The early morning, before sunrise, however, is an exception. Then the capercailzie gives forth his curious notes, that most resemble the sound of wine poured from a long-necked bottle; the woodcock and blackcock flutter in the open spaces, and the squirrel mounts hastily to the top of the tree to watch the figure of man creeping stealthily on his prey. The croak of the "hoodies"—a large crow—is heard near a glade and round the clearings. Jackdaws are plentiful, growing bold near the houses, and still managing joyfully to secrete an occasional spoon.

My destination reached, I was put



ashore at a small private landing-stage. Having proceeded up a broad birch-tree avenue two miles long, and through a garden, I stood before an imposing white mansion with a tall pointed roof. The wide-open hall doors showed me a spacious ante-room, but it was impossible to discover either bell or knocker, and no one appeared. Within, an open door to the right disclosed a study, or smoking-room, with guns and several sets of elks' antlers on the walls; to the left, through another open door, a billiard-table was visible, and in front a flight of carpeted stairs led to the floor above. But no living being was anywhere to be seen. Having coughed and given other similar signs of an embarrassed presence, I was about to mount the stairs, when a large brown dog suddenly showed himself, and, coming up to me, placed a damp nose confidently in my hand, bringing forward a pair of shorn and pointed ears, wagging a stumpy tail, and looking up with an expression that plainly said: "Yes, you see, they cut my ears, but I don't mind now." Having accepted this new acquaintance, I came to the conclusion that my best course would be to follow wherever he might lead; and as presently he returned to the garden, I did likewise. He appeared flattered, wagging the stumpy tail emphatically, and then, turning sharply round the corner of a shabby, revealed to me three young ladies in an arbor, one with a book, one embroidering, and one leaning back, trying hard to balance a flower on the tip of a very pretty little nose. At the sight of a stranger there were signs of perturbation, which sensibly increased when they found themselves addressed in a strange tongue. At that moment, however, my host appeared, and, amidst much laughter and in excellent English, made me cordially welcome.

All through Sweden social intercourse is encumbered with much ceremonious etiquette, particularly among the landed gentry. The three Scandinavian tongues employ the two personal pronouns "thou" and "you;" the first familiarly, the second when speaking to a mere acquaintance. But a well-bred Swedish gentleman addressing a stranger will always, with old-fashioned courtesy, substitute the equivalent for "Monsieur," regardless of harrowing repetitions, and where a title is demanded, even under the difficulties of rapid speech, it is never for a moment omitted. As such politeness, however, in the end becomes both monotonous and wearisome, they have a practical way of

cutting the Gordian knot. When a casual acquaintanceship has ripened into genial sympathy or mutual respect, your Swedish friend at once proposes "a brotherhood." This is a distinct social ordeal, the initiation to which demands a special rite. The man who has requested the honor of becoming your brother provides you with a glass of wine filled to the brim, he himself holding another; both rise, each linking the right arm of each; looking one another boldly in the eyes and pronouncing the words *Skål bror!*\* the beakers are emptied. Henceforth you are expected to use the pronoun "thou," and you take your stand on the footing of relationship. Among the reminiscences of this visit to Vermland is an evening when I acquired no less than six new and stalwart brothers. On the subject of *ancienne politesse*, I should mention, by the way, that there is a well-known Swedish gentleman who always gives precedence to his own son, because "he has one ancestor more than his father."

The national character is anything but gloomy or morose, and social gatherings and festivities abound. The people, both high and low, always find happy excuses for dancing, singing, skating, and sledging, managing in some way or other to make existence cheerful. A fine voice is as common property as are dark eyes in Spain, and with the better classes it is generally well trained. The peasants' dress is not particularly curious, though an occasional red petticoat may help to bring color into the fields; their rich folklore and quaint legends, however, are full of mystic charm, and are still told, and listened to, with awe. Thus, in the house where I was a guest, there had been somewhere about the sixteenth century a certain dame, a widow owning the estate, who was renowned far and wide for her miserly temper and cruelty. Amongst many other things she had one day, in a fit of anger, pushed a poor kitchen wench into a cauldron of boiling water. Entering her great drawing-room immediately after this deed, the irate dame was somewhat surprised to find there, awaiting her, a gentleman, grave and decorous, dressed in rich black velvet with finest lace ruffles, but having a rather fiercely upturned moustache. "Madame," he said, bowing courteously, "right warmly have I admired the charm of your character, the delicate execution of your slightest whim. May it be permitted a humble adorer to

\* Your health, brother.

kiss the tips of your sweet fingers?" The stranger here held out a bejewelled hand, and the lady foolishly put hers into it; the next moment they were whirling together in the mazes of a wild waltz. Breathless, she begged to stop, but her cavalier was untiring and held her fast, dancing and dancing till her shoes were worn from her bleeding feet. At last he flew through the wall with his shrieking partner, but where they disappeared a hole remained in the masonry, no bigger than a pea, it is true; nevertheless, by no human skill could it ever be closed. Thus runs the legend, and it is proved by the fact that even now, when modern art has invented all sorts of wall decorations, still there is always a draft in that room!

The tales about "trolls" and other wicked imps should be heard in the forest cabin, especially in the gloaming, when the gaunt old crone has a flickering pine knot on the hearth. Her brow perpetually puckered, she relates her story with a manifest unwillingness that in itself gives great force to the delivery; the flare from the fire throws the rude rafters overhead into weird, fitful prominence, illuminates the scared faces of a couple of youngsters, who cower together in a corner near the window, as the wind moans sadly in the pines or makes a frantic rush at the door.

Game of all sorts is plentiful in Vermland. The smaller streams are stocked with trout, while the lakes swarm with teal and wild duck. In the forests are blackcock, woodcock, capercaillie, and, best of all, elk. For the latter, however, the close time extends over eleven months of the year, and only in September is it lawful to shoot this big game. A peculiar breed of dogs which somewhat resembles the Pomeranian spitz, but larger, stronger, and with a rougher coat, is kept for this sport. They are trained to follow and tease the elk in mock combat, thus allowing the hunter to approach his swift and wary quarry, which, even with this aid, often takes a day to stalk. Only a true sportsman and steady shot can bring down an elk, which must be hit in a vital spot, a dozen bullets elsewhere being merely a further incentive for a gallant leap into the distance, where he is forever lost to his pursuer. This fact has caused many Swedish sportsmen to discontinue the drives which formerly occasioned merry autumn gatherings at the country houses. Some years ago the owner of an estate here entertained a shooting-party under remarkable circumstances. His nephew and heir—a youngster who was every

one's favorite and no one's enemy but his own—made a tour on the Continent, staying for some time in London and Paris and enjoying himself amazingly, but returning discovered that he had unfortunately outrun his uncle's liberal allowance to an extent he dared not confess. The old bachelor listened with grim pleasure to the tales of society, sport, races, and other gaieties abroad, but on pecuniary matters he held views of his own, and his nephew remained bashfully reticent with regard to his difficulties, though these grew steadily more and more oppressive. "It would do these foreigners good to see what sport there is still in old Sweden!" his uncle had observed with a slight sense of pride one day, and he added that he thought his nephew might with advantage have invited some of his foreign friends for the elk-shooting, which in his forest had been left undisturbed for nearly a quarter of a century. The young fellow caught at the idea, and some six weeks later announced the expected arrival of some Englishmen for the elk season; whereupon the old gentleman rubbed his hands with great satisfaction, and swore he would show his boy's friends what Swedish hospitality was made of. His nephew, however, received this enthusiasm gravely, talked a great deal about what was good form in the present day, and finally insisted that since neither his uncle nor any of his neighbors understood a word of English, the correct thing would be for him to take this opportunity to pay his annual visit to Stockholm. To this startling proposition the old gentleman at first demurred, but as he had never won renown as a shot, he ultimately consented to leave for town when once he had received and installed his guests; upon this point he insisted.

On the day fixed for the arrival of the expected visitors a gorgeous banquet was laid for them, and some other guests invited in their honor in the great hall, and carriages with servants in dress liveries were sent to meet the steamer. Whether the four English sportsmen were pleased or otherwise I know not, but considering that they had merely combined to hire this shooting through the *Field*, without even the remotest knowledge of the name and position of the owner, they must have felt considerably puzzled. I was told that only one was able to sit down to dinner in a dress coat, the others appearing promiscuously in tweeds and norfolds. The young schemer, who had conceived this daring plan for clearing his

debts, knew well that his uncle would be implacable should he discover the real truth about the strangers, and in his anxiety that all might go smoothly, had proposed to send dress suits of his own to their respective rooms, but this offer was declined. The dinner, however, went off well. Completely unsuspecting, the old gentleman sat at the head of his table, beaming genially upon his guests, and making pretty little speeches through the intermediary of his nephew, the only interpreter, who, very nervous, talked profusely. Luckily for this reckless youngster, the Englishmen who had taken the shooting were not only young men, but also high-bred gentlemen, and their young host's usual charm of manner in the end worked wonders. Some years after the secret leaked out, and the outraged uncle made a will cutting his nephew off with a shilling. Thanks, however, to a bracing climate and a sturdy constitution he lived long enough to tear up this instrument and fold to his manly chest a young scapegrace who has since become an ornament to his country.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
AMIEL.

It is somewhat late to speak of Amiel, but I was late in reading him. Goethe says that in seasons of cholera one should read no books but such as are tonic, and certainly in the season of old age this precaution is as salutary as in seasons of cholera. From what I heard I could clearly make out that Amiel's journal was not a tonic book; the extracts from it which here and there I fell in with did not much please me; and for a good while I left the book unread.

But what M. Edmond Scherer writes I do not easily resist reading, and I found that M. Scherer had prefixed to Amiel's journal a long and important introduction. This I read; and was not less charmed by the *mitis sapientia*, the understanding kindness and tenderness with which the character of Amiel himself, whom M. Scherer had known in youth, was handled, than interested by the criticism on the journal. Then I read Mrs. Humphry Ward's interesting notice, and then—for all biography is attractive, and of Amiel's life and circumstances I had by this time become desirous of knowing more—the “*Etude Biographique*” of Mademoiselle Berthe Vadier.

Of Amiel's cultivation, refinement, and high feeling, of his singular graces of spirit and character, there could be no doubt. But the specimens of his work given by his critics left me hesitating. A poetess herself, Mademoiselle Berthe Vadier is much occupied with Amiel's poetry, and quotes it abundantly. Even Victor Hugo's poetry leaves me cold, I am so unhappy as not to be able to admire “*Olympio*”; what am I to say, then, to Amiel's

Journée  
Illuminée,  
Riant soleil d'avril,  
En quel songe  
Se plonge  
Mon cœur, et que veut-il?

But M. Scherer and other critics, who do not require us to admire Amiel's poetry, maintain that in his journal he has left “a book which will not die,” a book describing a malady of which “the secret is sublime and the expression wonderful;” a marvel of “speculative intuition,” a “psychological experience of the utmost value.” M. Scherer and Mrs. Humphry Ward give Amiel's journal very decidedly the preference over the letters of an old friend of mine, Obermann. The quotations made from Amiel's journal by his critics failed, I say, to enable me quite to understand this high praise. But I remember the time when a new publication by George Sand or by Sainte-Beuve was an event bringing to me a shock of pleasure, and a French book capable of renewing that sensation is seldom produced now. If Amiel's journal was of the high quality alleged, what a pleasure to make acquaintance with it, what a loss to miss it! In spite, therefore, of the unfitness of old age to bear atonic influences, I at last read Amiel's journal,—read it carefully through. Tonic it is not; but it is to be read with profit, and shows, moreover, powers of great force and value, though not quite, I am inclined to think, in the exact line which his critics with one consent indicate.

In speaking of Amiel at present, after so much has been written about him, I may assume that the main outlines of his life are known to my readers; that they know him to have been born in 1821 and to have died in 1881, to have passed the three or four best years of his youth at the University of Berlin, and the remainder of his life mostly at Geneva, as a professor, first of aesthetics, afterwards of philosophy. They know that his publications and lectures, during his lifetime,

disappointed his friends, who expected much from his acquirements, talents, and vivacity; and that his fame rests upon two volumes of extracts from many thousand pages of a private journal, "Journal Intime," extending over more than thirty years, from 1848 to 1881, which he left behind him at his death. This journal explains his sterility; and displays in explaining it, say his critics, such sincerity, with such gifts of expression and eloquence, of profound analysis and speculative intuition, as to make it most surely "one of those books which will not die."

The sincerity is unquestionable. As to the gifts of eloquence and expression, what are we to say? M. Scherer speaks of an "ever new eloquence" pouring itself in the pages of the journal; M. Paul Bourget, of "marvellous pages" where the feeling for nature finds an expression worthy of Shelley or Wordsworth; Mrs. Humphry Ward, of "magic of style," of "glow and splendor of expression," of the "poet and artist" who fascinates us in Amiel's prose. I cannot quite agree. Obermann has been mentioned; it seems to me that we have only to place a passage from Sénancour beside a passage from Amiel, to perceive the difference between a feeling for nature which gives magic to style and one which does not. Here and throughout I am to use as far as possible Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation, at once spirited and faithful, of Amiel's journal. I will take a passage where Amiel has evidently some reminiscence of Sénancour (whose work he knew well), is inspired by Sénancour—a passage which has been extolled by M. Paul Bourget.

Shall I ever enjoy again those marvellous reveries of past days,—as for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth in the early dawn sitting amongst the ruins of the castle of Faucigny; another time in the mountains above Lancy, under the midday sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies; and again another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way? Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite? Divine moments, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the Muse Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the

authority of genius,—moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great as the universe and calm like God! . . . What hours, what memories!

And now for Obermann's turn, Obermann by the Lake of Bienne.

My path lay beside the green waters of the Thiele. Feeling inclined to muse, and finding the night so warm that there was no hardship in being all night out of doors, I took the road to Saint Blaise. I descended a steep bank, and got upon the shore of the lake where its ripple came up and expired. The air was calm; every one was at rest; I remained there for hours. Towards morning, the moon shed over the earth and waters the ineffable melancholy of her last gleams. Nature seems unspeakably grand, when, plunged in a long reverie, one hears the rippling of the waters upon a solitary strand, in the calm of a night still enkindled and luminous with the setting moon.

Sensibility beyond utterance, charm and torment of our vain years; vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable; all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment—everything that a mortal heart can contain of life-weariness and yearning, I felt it all, I experienced it all, in this memorable night. I have made a grave step towards the age of decline, I have swallowed up ten years of life at once. Happy the simple, whose heart is always young!

No translation can render adequately the cadence of diction, the "dying fall" of reveries like those of Sénancour or Rousseau. But even in a translation we must surely perceive that the magic of style is with Sénancour's feeling for nature, not Amiel's; and in the original this is far more manifest still.

Magic of style is creative; its possessor himself creates, and he inspires and enables his reader in some sort to create after him. And creation gives the sense of life and joy; hence its extraordinary value. But eloquence may exist without magic of style, and this eloquence, accompanying thoughts of rare worth and depth, may heighten their effect greatly. And M. Scherer says that Amiel's speculative philosophy is "on a far other scale of vastness" than Sénancour's, and therefore he gives the preference to the eloquence of Amiel, which clothes and conveys this vaster philosophy. Amiel was no doubt greatly Sénancour's superior in culture and instruction generally; in philosophical reading and what is called philosophical thought he was immensely his superior. My sense for philosophy, I know, is as far from satisfying Mr. Fred-

eric Harrison as my sense for Hugo's poetry is from satisfying Mr. Swinburne. But I am too old to change and too hardened to hide what I think; and when I am presented with philosophical speculations and told that they are "on a high scale of vastness," I persist in looking closely at them and in honestly asking myself what I find to be their positive value. And we get from Amiel's powers of "speculative intuition" things like this:—

Created spirits in the accomplishment of their destinies tend, so to speak, to form constellations and milky ways within the empyrean of the divinity; in becoming gods, they surround the throne of the sovereign with a sparkling court.

Or this:—

Is not mind the universal virtuality, the universe latent? If so, its zero would be the germ of the infinite, which is expressed mathematically by the double zero (∞).

Or, to let our philosopher develop himself at more length, let us take this return to the zero, which Mrs. Humphry Ward prefers here to render by *nothingness*:—

This psychological reinvolution is an anticipation of death; it represents the life beyond the grave, the return to Scheol, the soul fading into the world of ghosts or descending into the region of *die Mütter*; it implies the simplification of the individual who, allowing all the accidents of personality to evaporate, exists henceforward only in the invisible state, the state of point, of potentiality, of pregnant nothingness. Is not this the true definition of mind? is not mind, dissociated from space and time, just this? Its development, past or future, is contained in it just as a curve is contained in its algebraical formula. This nothing is an all. This *punctum* without dimensions is a *punctum saliens*.

French critics throw up their hands in dismay at the violence which the Germanized Amiel, propounding his speculative philosophy, often does to the French language. My objection is rather that such speculative philosophy as that of which I have been quoting specimens has no value, is perfectly futile. And Amiel's journal contains far too much of it.

What is futile we may throw aside; but when Amiel tells us of his "protean nature essentially metamorphosable, polarisable, and virtual," when he tells us of his longing for "totality," we must listen, although these phrases may in France, as M. Paul Bourget says, "raise a shudder in a humanist trained on Livy and Pascal." But these phrases stood for ideas which

did practically rule, in a great degree, Amiel's life, which he often develops not only with great subtlety, but also with force, clearness, and eloquence, making it both easy and interesting to us to follow him. But still, when we have the ideas present before us, I shall ask what is their value, what does Amiel obtain in them for the service of either himself or other people?

Let us take first what, adopting his own phrase, we may call his "bedazzlement with the infinite," his thirst for "totality." *Omnis determinatio est negatio*. Amiel has the gift and the bent for making his soul "the capacity for all form, not a soul but *the* soul." He finds it easier and more natural "to be *man* than a man." His permanent instinct is to be "a subtle and fugitive spirit which no base can absorb or fix entirely." It costs him an effort to affirm his own personality; "the infinite draws me to it, the *henosis* of Plotinus intoxicates me like a philtre."

It intoxicates him until the thought of absorption and extinction, the *nirvana* of Buddhism, becomes his thought of refuge.

The individual life is a nothing ignorant of itself, and as soon as this nothing knows itself individual life is abolished in principle. For as soon as the illusion vanishes, nothingness resumes its eternal sway, the suffering of life is over, error has disappeared, time and form have for this enfranchised individuality ceased to be; the colored air-bubble has burst in the infinite space, and the misery of thought has sunk to rest in the changeless repose of all-embracing nothing.

With this bedazzlement with the infinite and this drift towards Buddhism comes the impatience with all production, with even poetry and art themselves, because of their necessary limits and imperfection.

Composition demands a concentration, decision, and pliancy which I no longer possess. I cannot fuse together materials and ideas. If we are to give anything a form we must, so to speak, be the tyrants of it. We must treat our subject brutally and not be always trembling lest we should be doing it a wrong. We must be able to transmute and absorb it into our own substance. This sort of confident effrontery is beyond me; my whole nature tends to that impersonality which respects and subordinates itself to the object; it is love of truth which holds me back from concluding and deciding.

The desire for the all, the impatience with what is partial and limited, the fascination of the infinite, are the topics of page after page in the journal. It is a



prosaic mind which has never been in contact with ideas of this sort, never felt their charm. They lend themselves well to poetry, but what are we to say of their value as ideas to be lived with, dilated on, made the governing ideas of life? Except for use in passing, and with the power to dismiss them again, they are unprofitable. Shelley's

Life like a dome of many-colored glass  
Stains the white radiance of eternity  
Until death tramples it to fragments

has value as a splendid image nobly introduced in a beautiful and impassioned poem. But Amiel's "colored air-bubble," as a positive piece of "speculative intuition," has no value whatever. Nay, the thoughts which have positive truth and value, the thoughts to be lived with and dwelt upon, the thoughts which are a real acquisition for our minds, are precisely thoughts which counteract the "vague aspiration and indeterminate desire" possessing Amiel and filling his journal; they are thoughts insisting on the need of limit, the feasibility of performance. Goethe says admirably:—

Wer grosses will muss sich zusammenraffen:  
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister.

"He who will do great things must pull himself together: it is in working within limits that the master comes out." Buffon says not less admirably:—

Tout sujet est un; et quelque vaste qu'il soit, il peut être renfermé dans un seul discours.

"Every subject is one; and however vast it may be, is capable of being contained in a single discourse." The ideas to live with, the ideas of sterling value to us, are, I repeat, ideas of this kind; ideas staunchly counteracting and reducing the power of the infinite and indeterminate, not paralyzing us with it.

And indeed we have not to go beyond Amiel himself for proof of this. Amiel was paralyzed by living in these ideas of "vague aspiration and indeterminate desire," of "confounding his personal life in the general life," by feeding on these ideas, treating them as august and precious, and filling hundreds of pages of journal with them. He was paralyzed by it, he became impotent and miserable. And he knew it, and tells us of it himself with a power of analysis and with a sad eloquence which to me are much more interesting and valuable than his philosophy of Maïa and the great wheel. "By

your natural tendency," he says to himself, "you arrive at disgust with life, despair, pessimism." And again: "Melancholy outlook on all sides. Disgust with myself." And again: "I cannot deceive myself as to the fate in store for me: increasing isolation, inward disappointment, enduring regrets, a melancholy neither to be consoled nor confessed, a mournful old age, a slow agony, a death in the desert." And all this misery by his own fault, his own mistakes. "To live is to conquer incessantly; one must have the courage to be happy. I turn in a vicious circle; I have never had clear sight of my true vocation."

I cannot therefore fall in with that particular line of admiration which critics, praising Amiel's journal, have commonly followed. I cannot join in celebrating his prodigies of speculative intuition, the glow and splendor of his beatific vision of absolute knowledge, the marvellous pages in which his deep and vast philosophic thought is laid bare, the secret of his sublime malady is expressed. I hesitate to admit that all this part of the journal has even a very profound psychological interest; its interest is rather pathological. In reading it we are not so much pursuing a study of psychology as a study of morbid pathology.

But the journal reveals a side in Amiel which his critics, so far as I have seen, have hardly noticed, a side of real power, originality, and value. He says himself that he never had clear sight of his true vocation; well, his true vocation, it seems to me, was that of a literary critic. Here he is admirable; M. Scherer was a true friend when he offered to introduce him to an editor, and suggested an article on Uhland. There is hardly a literary criticism in these two volumes which is not masterly, and which does not make one desire more of the same kind. And not Amiel's literary criticism only, but his criticism of society, politics, national character, religion, is in general well-informed, just, and penetrating in an eminent degree. Any one single page of this criticism is worth, in my opinion, a hundred of Amiel's pages about the infinite illusion and the great wheel. It is to this side in Amiel that I desire now to draw attention. I would have abstained from writing about him if I had only to disparage and to find fault, only to say that he had been overpraised, and that his dealings with Maïa seemed to me profitable neither for himself nor for others.

Let me first take Amiel as a critic of

literature, and of the literature which he naturally knew best, French literature. Hear him as critic on that best of critics, Sainte-Beuve, of whose death (1869) he had just heard.

The fact is, Sainte-Beuve leaves a greater void behind him than either Béranger or Lamartine; their greatness was already distant, historical; he was still helping us to think. The true critic supplies all the world with a basis. He represents the public judgment, that is to say, the public reason, the touchstone, the scales, the crucible, which tests the value of each man and the merit of each work. Infallibility of judgment is perhaps rarer than anything else, so fine a balance of qualities does it demand—qualities both natural and acquired, qualities of both mind and heart. What years of labor, what study and comparison, are needed to bring the critical judgment to maturity! Like Plato's sage, it is only at fifty that the critic is risen to the true height of his literary priesthood, or, to put it less pompously, of his social function. Not till then has he compassed all modes of being, and made every shade of appreciation his own. And Sainte-Beuve joined to this infinitely refined culture a prodigious memory and an incredible multitude of facts and anecdotes stored up for the service of his thought.

The criticism is so sound, so admirably put, and so charming that one wishes Sainte-Beuve could have read it himself.

Try Amiel next on the touchstone afforded by that "half genius, half charlatan," Victor Hugo.

I have been again looking through Victor Hugo's "Paris" (1867). For ten years event after event has given the lie to the prophet, but the confidence of the prophet in his own imaginings is not therefore a whit diminished. Humility and common sense are only fit for Lilliputians. Victor Hugo superbly ignores everything which he has not foreseen. He does not know that pride limits the mind, and that a limitless pride is a littleness of soul. If he could but learn to rank himself with other men and France with other nations, he would see things more truly, and would not fall into his insane exaggerations, his extravagant oracles. But proportion and justness his chords will never know. He is vowed to the Titanic; his gold is always mixed with lead, his insight with childishness, his reason with madness. He cannot be simple; like the blaze of a house on fire, his light is blinding. In short, he astonishes but provokes, he stirs but annoys. His note is always half or two-thirds false, and that is why he perpetually makes us feel uncomfortable. The great poet in him cannot get clear of the charlatan. A few pricks of Voltaire's irony would have made the inflation of this genius collapse, and rendered him stronger by rendering him saner. It is a public mis-

fortune that the most powerful poet of France should not have better understood his rôle, and that, unlike the Hebrew prophets who chastised because they loved, he flatters his fellow-citizens from system and from pride. France is the world, Paris is France, Hugo is Paris. Bow down and worship, ye nations!

Finally, we will hear Amiel on a consummate and supreme French classic, as perfect as Hugo is flawed, La Fontaine.

Went through my La Fontaine yesterday, and remarked his omissions. . . . He has not an echo of chivalry haunting him. His French history dates from Louis XIV. His geography extends in reality but a few square miles, and reaches neither the Rhine nor the Loire, neither the mountains nor the sea. He never invents his subjects, but indolently takes them ready-made from elsewhere. But with all this, what an adorable writer, what a painter, what an observer, what a master of the comic and the satirical, what a teller of a story! I am never tired of him, though I know half his fables by heart. In the matter of vocabulary, turns of expression, tones, idioms, his language is perhaps the richest of the great period, for it combines skilfully the archaic with the classical, the Gaulish element with what is French. Variety, finesse, sly fun, sensibility, rapidity, conciseness, suavity, grace, gaiety—when necessary, nobleness, seriousness, grandeur—you find everything in our fabulist. And the happy epithets, and the telling proverbs, and the sketches dashed off, and the unexpected audacities, and the point driven well home! One cannot say what he has not, so many diverse aptitudes he has.

Compare his "Woodcutter and Death" with Boileau's, and you can measure the prodigious difference between the artist and the critic who wanted to teach him better. La Fontaine brings visibly before you the poor peasant under the monarchy, Boileau but exhibits a drudge sweating under his load. The first is a historic witness, the second a school-versifier. La Fontaine enables you to reconstruct the whole society of his age; the pleasant old soul from Champagne, with his animals, turns out to be the one and only Homer of France.

His weak side is his epicureanism, with its tinge of grossness. This, no doubt, was what made Lamartine dislike him. The religious string is wanting to his lyre, he has nothing which shows him to have known either Christianity or the high tragedies of the soul. Kind Nature is his goddess, Horace his prophet, and Montaigne his gospel. In other words, his horizon is that of the Renaissance. This islet of paganism in the midst of a Catholic society is very curious; the paganism is perfectly simple and frank.

These are but notes, jottings in his journal, and Amiel passed from them to broodings over the infinite, and personal-

ity, and totality. Probably the literary criticism which he did so well, and for which he shows a true vocation, gave him nevertheless but little pleasure because he did it thus fragmentarily and by fits and starts. To do it thoroughly, to make his fragments into wholes, to fit them for coming before the public, composition with its toils and limits was necessary. Toils and limits composition indeed has; yet all composition is a kind of creation, creation gives, as I have already said, pleasure, and when successful and sustained, more than pleasure, joy. Amiel, had he tried the experiment with literary criticism, where lay his true vocation, would have found it so. Sainte-Beuve, whom he so much admires, would have been the most miserable of men if his production had been but a volume or two of middling poems and a journal. But Sainte-Beuve's motto, as Amiel himself notices, was that of the emperor Severus: *Laboremus*. "Work," Sainte-Beuve confesses to a friend, "is my sore burden, but it is also my great resource. I eat my heart out when I am not up to the neck in work; there you have the secret of the life I lead." If M. Scherer's introduction to the *Revue Germanique* could but have been used, if Amiel could but have written the article on Uhland and followed it up by plenty of articles more!

I have quoted largely from Amiel's literary criticism, because this side of him has, so far as I have observed, received so little attention, and yet deserves attention so eminently. But his more general criticism, too, shows, as I have said, the same high qualities as his criticism of authors and books. I must quote one or two of his aphorisms. *L'esprit sert bien à tout, mais ne suffit à rien*: "Wits are of use for everything, sufficient for nothing." *Une société vit de sa foi et se développe par la science*: "A society lives on its faith and develops itself by science." *L'Etat libéral est irréalisable avec une religion antilibérale, et presque irréalisable avec l'absence de religion*: "Liberal communities are impossible with an anti-liberal religion, and almost impossible with the absence of religion." But epigrammatic sentences of this sort are perhaps not so very difficult to produce, in French at any rate. Let us take Amiel when he has room and verge enough to show what he can really say which is important about society, religion, national life, and character. We have seen what an influence his years passed in Germany had upon him; we have seen how severely he judges Victor

Hugo's faults; the faults of the French nation at large he judges with a like severity. But what a fine and just perception does the following passage show of the deficiencies of Germany, the advantage which the western nations have in their more finished civilization!

It is in the novel that the average vulgarity of German society, and its inferiority to the societies of France and England are most clearly visible. The notion of a thing's *jar-ring on the taste* is wanting to German aesthetics. Their elegance knows nothing of grace; they have no sense of the enormous distance between distinction (gentlemanly, ladylike) and their stiff *Vornehmlichkeit*. Their imagination lacks style, training, education, and knowledge of the world; it is stamped with an ill-bred air even in its Sunday clothes. The race is practical and intelligent, but common and ill-mannered. Ease, amiability, manners, wit, animation, dignity, charm, are qualities which belong to others.

Will that inner freedom of soul, that profound harmony of all the faculties, which I have so often observed among the best Germans, ever come to the surface? Will the conquerors of to-day ever civilize their forms of life? It is by their future novels that we shall be able to judge. As soon as the German novel can give us quite good society, the Germans will be in the raw stage no longer.

And this pupil of Berlin, this devourer of German books, this victim, say the French critics, to the contagion of German style, after three hours, one day, of a *Geschichte der Ästhetik in Deutschland*, breaks out:—

Learning and even thought are not everything. A little *esprit*, point, vivacity, imagination, grace, would do no harm. Do these pedantic books leave a single image or sentence, a single striking or new fact, in the memory when one lays them down? No, nothing but fatigue and confusion. Oh, for clearness, terseness, brevity! Diderot, Voltaire, or even Galiani! A short article by Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Renan, Victor Cherbuliez, gives one more pleasure, and makes one ponder and reflect more, than a thousand of these German pages crammed to the margin and showing the work itself rather than its result. The Germans heap the faggots for the pile, the French bring the fire. Spare me your lucubrations, give me facts or ideas. Keep your vats, your must, your dregs, to yourselves; I want wine fully made, wine which will sparkle in the glass and kindle my spirits instead of oppressing them.

Amiel may have been led away *deteriora sequi*; he may have Germanized until he has become capable of the verb *dépersonnaliser* and the noun *réimplication*; but after all, his heart is in the right place;

*videt meliora probatque.* He remains at bottom the man who said, *Le livre serait mon ambition.* He adds, to be sure, that it would be *son ambition*, "if ambition were not vanity, and vanity of vanities."

Yet this disenchanted brooder, "full of a tranquil disgust at the futility of our ambitions, the void of our existence," bedazzled with the infinite, can observe the world and society with consummate keenness and shrewdness, and at the same time with a delicacy which to the man of the world is in general wanting. Is it possible to analyze *le grand monde*, high society, as the Old World knows it and America knows it not, more acutely than Amiel does in what follows?—

In society people are expected to behave as if they lived on ambrosia and concerned themselves with no interests but such as are noble. Care, need, passion, do not exist. All realism is suppressed as brutal. In a word, what is called *le grand monde* gives itself for the moment the flattering illusion that it is moving in an ethereal atmosphere and breathing the air of the gods. For this reason all vehemence, any cry of nature, all real suffering, all heedless familiarity, any genuine sign of passion, are startling and distasteful in this delicate *milieu*, and at once destroy the collective work, the cloud-palace, the imposing architectural creation raised by common consent. It is like the shrill cock-crow which breaks the spell of all enchantments, and puts the fairies to flight. These select gatherings produce without intending it a sort of concert for eye and ear, an improvised work of art. By the instinctive collaboration of everybody concerned, wit and taste hold festival, and the associations of reality are exchanged for the associations of imagination. So understood, society is a form of poetry; the cultivated classes deliberately recompose the idyll of the past, and the buried world of Astræa. Paradox or not, I believe that these fugitive attempts to reconstruct a dream, whose only end is beauty, represent confused reminiscences of an age of gold haunting the human heart; or rather, aspirations towards a harmony of things which every-day reality denies to us, and of which art alone gives us a glimpse.

I remember reading in an American newspaper a solemn letter by an excellent republican, asking what were a shopman's or a laborer's feelings when he walked through Eaton or Chatsworth. Amiel will tell him: they are "reminiscences of an age of gold haunting the human heart, aspirations towards a harmony of things which every-day reality denies to us." I appeal to my friend the author of "Triumphant Democracy" himself, to say whether these are to be had in walking through Pittsburg.

Indeed it is by contrast with American life that *nirvana* appears to Amiel so desirable.

For the Americans, life means devouring, incessant activity. They must win gold, predominance, power; they must crush rivals, subdue nature. They have their heart set on the means, and never for an instant think of the end. They confound being with individual being, and the expansion of self with happiness. This means that they do not live by the soul, that they ignore the immutable and eternal, bustle at the circumference of their existence because they cannot penetrate to its centre. They are restless, eager, positive, because they are superficial. To what end all this stir, noise, greed, struggle? It is all a mere being stunned and deatened!

Space is failing me, but I must yet find room for a less indirect criticism of democracy than the foregoing remarks on American life.

*Each function to the most worthy:* this maxim is the professed rule of all constitutions, and serves to test them. Democracy is not forbidden to apply it; but Democracy rarely does apply it, because she holds, for example, that the most worthy man is the man who pleases her, whereas he who pleases her is not always the most worthy; and because she supposes that reason guides the masses, whereas in reality they are most commonly led by passion. And in the end every falsehood has to be expiated, for truth always takes its revenge.

What publicists and politicians have to learn is, that "the ultimate ground upon which every civilization rests is the average morality of the masses and a sufficient amount of practical righteousness." But where does duty find its inspiration and sanctions? In religion. And what does Amiel think of the traditional religion of Christendom, the Christianity of the Churches? He tells us repeatedly; but a month or two before his death, with death in full view, he tells us with peculiar impressiveness.

The whole Semitic dramaturgy has come to seem to me a work of the imagination. The apostolic documents have changed in value and meaning to my eyes. The distinction between belief and truth has grown clearer and clearer to me. Religious psychology has become a simple phenomenon, and has lost its fixed and absolute value. The apologetics of Pascal, Leibnitz, Secrétan, appear to me no more convincing than those of the Middle Age, for they assume that which is in question—a revealed doctrine, a definite and unchangeable Christianity.

Is it possible, he asks, to receive at this day the common doctrine of a divine Prov-

idence directing all the circumstances of our life, and consequently inflicting upon us our miseries as means of education?

Is this heroic faith compatible with our actual knowledge of the laws of nature? Hardly. But what this faith makes objective we may take subjectively. The moral being may moralize his suffering in turning the natural fact to account for the education of his inner man. What he cannot change he calls the will of God, and to will what God wills brings him peace.

But can a religion, Amiel asks again, without miracles, without unverifiable mystery, be efficacious, have influence with the many? And again he answers:—

Pious fiction is still fiction. Truth has superior rights. The world must adapt itself to truth, not truth to the world. Copernicus upset the astronomy of the Middle Age; so much the worse for the astronomy. The Everlasting Gospel is revolutionizing the Churches; what does it matter?

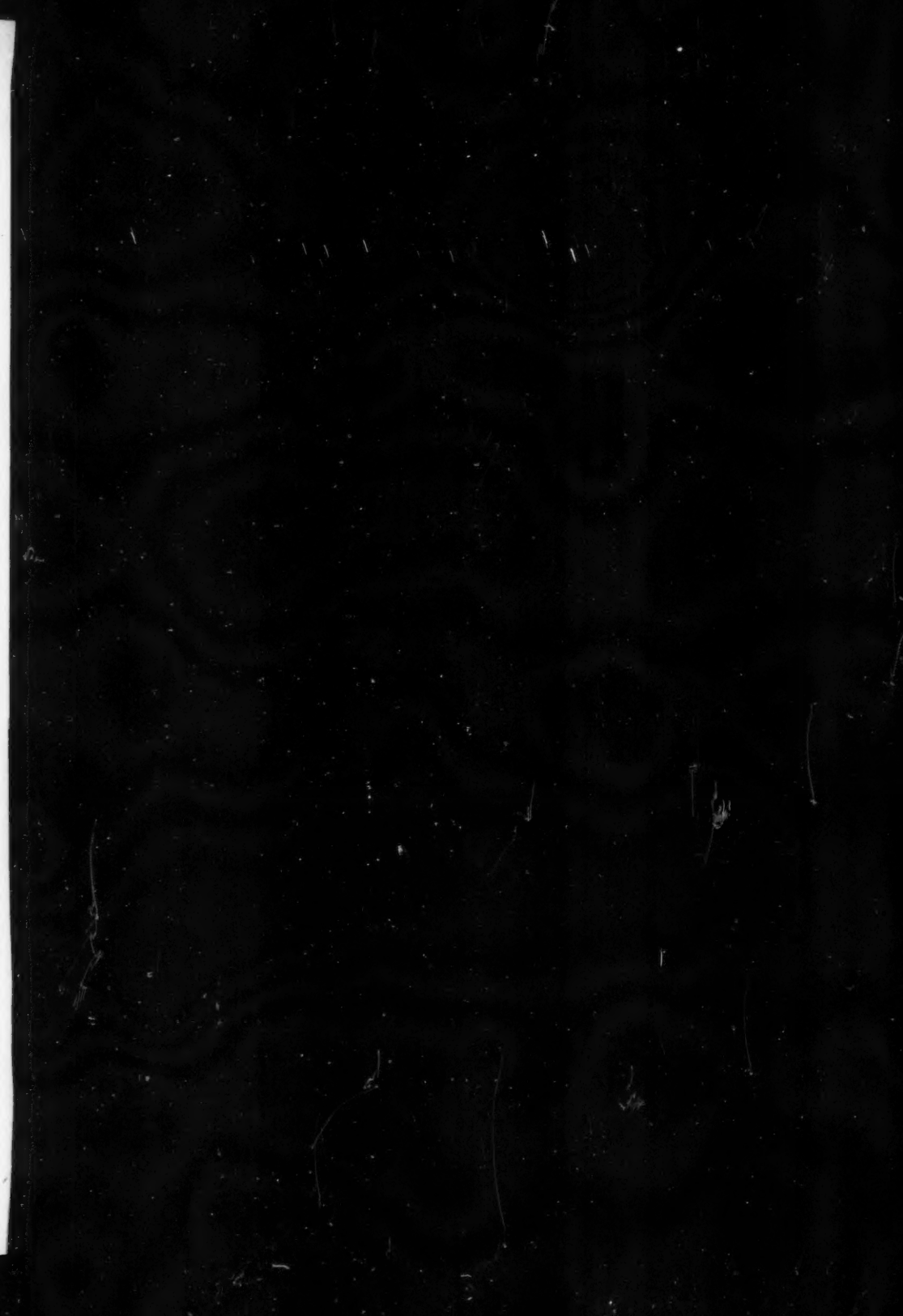
This is water to our mill, as the Germans say, indeed. But I have come even thus late in the day to speak of Amiel, not because I found him supplying water for any particular mill, either mine or any other, but because it seemed to me that by a whole important side he was eminently worth knowing, and that to this side of him the public, here in England at any rate, had not had its attention sufficiently drawn. If in the seventeen thousand pages of the journal there are many pages still unpublished in which Amiel exercises his true vocation of critic, of literary critic more especially, let his friends give them to us, let M. Scherer introduce them to us, let Mrs. Humphry Ward translate them for us. But *sat patriæ Priamogae datum*: Maia has had her full share of space already; I will not ask for a word more about the infinite illusion, or the double zero, or the great wheel.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A BEAR HUNT IN THE HIMALAYAS. — A correspondent writes to the *Field*: "We had news of a large black bear; so I sent on my shikari and rifle to the Dāk Bungalow at Doonga Gully, where I was to sleep. I arrived at the bungalow toward the small hours of the morning. The shikari was waiting to say that he had got a tracker, and we were to start for the bear at 5 A.M. After a walk of six miles of the steepest climbing I ever had, and hanging on to fearful precipices — those of the Himalayas must be seen to be understood — we came on the bear's fresh tracks. He was evidently a large one, from his pugs (foot-mark). We tracked him for some distance to the edge of a terrible incline. We were at a height of over ten thousand feet, and there was snow in all the ravines. The tracker went on in front, and presently came back with a face of delight to say that the bear was lying on a rock just outside his cave, taking the air. It was now so steep that I had to take off my shooting-boots and walk with bare feet, as a slip would have been fatal. Luckily there was a strong breeze blowing from the bear up to us, so there was no danger of his scenting us, which is most to be feared in bear-stalking. Down we went towards him, creeping nearer and nearer, till at last we got within forty yards. My shikari had now become so excited that he was shaking all over, and kept telling me to fire. I wanted, however, to make sure, so crept on till within twenty paces. The shikari's excitement now became intense, and he nearly spoiled the whole thing. In trying to restrain himself he coughed loudly, and up sprang the bear. At once I gave him the right barrel in

the shoulder; but it seemed to have no effect, and on he charged straight at us, making a terrific shindy. I gave him the left barrel in the middle of his body, and the shock of the bullet rolled him over; but he contrived to get into his cave, to which he was close, before I could give him another bullet. Knowing he was mortally wounded, we waited half an hour before reconnoitring. We then went to the cave, but it was so deep and dark that we could do nothing. Getting a lot of wood, we tried to smoke him out, but he did not show. We then sat down, and, after a council of war, concluded we could do nothing without light and help. I therefore remained with the shikari while the tracker went back to Doonga for a lantern, which in due time arrived. We then entered the cave, the shikari first with lantern and a knife, and I next with the rifle. The cave was very narrow and went far into the rock. We had got about twenty yards, when suddenly the bear, which was hidden behind a turn in the cave, gave a roar, seized the shikari's hand and the lantern, tore his arm and leg, and left us in perfect darkness. How we got out of that cave I know not; but we did so with very fair average speed. Luckily, the bear was injured so that he could not rise on his hind legs; as we afterwards found, the bottom of his spine was smashed, and the bullet in his intestines, but he had just been able to strike at the shikari. To make a long story short, the bear died next day, and a man with a long torch went into the cave, and the carcass was pulled out. It measured six feet from nose to tail, and five feet nine inches round the chest."







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